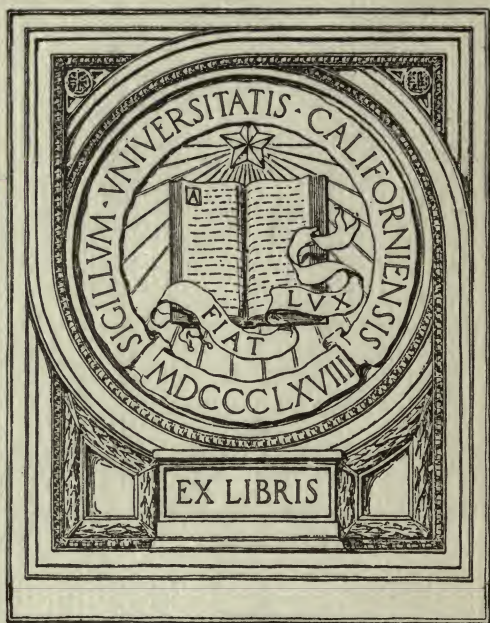


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... The \* History ...

—OF—

GERONIMO'S  
SUMMER · CAMPAIGN

IN 1885.

—  
A DRAMA.  
—

BY G. D. CUMMINGS.

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# Geronimo's Summer Campaign,

1885.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GERONIMO, Chief of a Band of Chiricahua Apache Indians.

GENERAL CROOK,  
CAPTAIN CRAWFORD, } Of the United States Army.

NORRIAN,  
WACLIFF,  
PHIL,  
NEW YORKER,  
PENNSYLVANIA, } Of a Band of Rustlers.

CARL MANDEN, } Two Prospectors.  
MCSWEEDON, }

HON. DUBRANS, from Washington.

PAROLENUS, a Stock Rancher.

LAURUNA, wife of Parolenus.

GENERAL JUAREZ, of the Mexican Army.

TARANTULAHAWK, next in command and follower to Ger-  
CHIPMONK, Peon to Geronimo. [onimo.

Soldiers, Couriers, Rustlers, Prospectors, Indians,  
etc., etc.

SCENE—Dispersedly in Arizona and Sonora, Mexico, then  
in Sonora.

*The above are the characters of this Historical Drama, who are, for the most part, the true reckless individuals who make up life on the south-west frontier; so here I turn them loose to work out their own salvation.*

## Prologue.



That rolling orb which wakes the smiling morn  
 Had just on highest summits cast a dawn,  
 And sent a streak of heaven-glancing light  
 Among the fading shadows of the night;  
 To open up, within a tropic clime,  
 A day of dryness, laziness and crime.  
 Within a land where Aztecs once have been,  
 And warring Toltecs, passing o'er the scene.  
 Have stamp'd their image, rear'd some walls on high,  
 Which now in flat-abandon'd ruin lie;  
 Like all the palaces that man will rear,  
 To stand their useful day and disappear.  
 Now down the vale the morn begins to break,  
 And bids the creatures of the plains awake.  
 This is the valley of the Gila plain,  
 Where vegetation languishes for rain;  
 And all the cactus, ferns and straggling flowers  
 Do droop their heads beneath their leafy bowers,  
 And pray the sun this precious boon to grant;  
 To give them rain for which their fiber pant,  
 Or they will hang their weary heads and die  
 For want of moisture to their cells supply.  
 Those plants, though bred to stand the sultry air,  
 Do wilt beneath this drougthy season rare,  
 And close their calyx, so the sun can't wrest  
 The substance from their sensitive young breast.  
 And while the plants protect their virgin blooms  
 From the great ravisher's desire, the fumes  
 Of heat o'ertake a herd of antelope,  
 Who are just winding down the porphyry slope  
 To seek for water in the vales below.  
 They too do pant beneath the scorching glow,  
 And stretch their aching muzzles parch'd and dry  
 Towards the valley where a stream rolls by;  
 Where Rio Gila pours his foaming tide

Adown the mesa in a riff of pride.  
There, standing on that fretful river's bank,  
Some swarthy native tribes are forming rank;  
A band of bucks and squaws, like shadows tramp  
Upon the sands in haste to move their camp.  
Geronimo stands on the Gila shore  
And scans his warriors as they march before.  
The bravest of his tribe are gather'd there  
To fill the settlers with a dread despair,  
For he hath muster'd on the war-path now  
The vilest cutthroats of the Chiricahua,  
To raid from Gila plains to Mexico,  
As our short drama doth intend to show.  
He first exhorts them to obey his laws,  
And then harangues in justice of his cause;  
Then lightly on his stolen charger mounts,  
And first his fluctuating stock he counts,  
And then each warrior to his post commands.  
Colt's awful standard flashes in his hands,  
He waves the brand, and o'er the plains they fly,  
The clouds of dust are wafted to the sky.  
Our dark-brow'd hero in the lead doth ride,  
His latest squaw glides happy by his side;  
His tribesmen follow with their hearts on fire,  
To share his ventures is their sole desire.



ACT I.

SCENE I.

*Geronimo's camp near San Carlos, on the banks of the Gila river, Arizona.*

[*The Indians are singing a War-Whoop song and dancing around the carcass of a Government mule, which they stole from the Reservation and butchered for that purpose.*]

All—Whoop he lah, we gather here,  
In this season of the year,  
For to dance the waters by,  
When the lesser streams are dry;  
Oh, the bravest chiefs are we  
Ever mortal man did see!  
We have left our penn'd reserve  
For to make intruders swerve.  
While we round this dead stead prance,  
Let's resound the war-whoop dance.  
Call the Darkness, Wind and Air  
Here to heed our fervent prayer,  
*Chigo-na-ay, Yandeslan,*  
Vengeance on the paleface man;  
He much lie, and glib, and steal,  
Sell our rations, feed our meal.  
*Topida* and gods of air  
Scorge the Chieftain who won't dare  
Light upon him; raise his scalp,  
Kill a cayote, gut a welp;  
Catch a lion by the tail,  
Eat a lizard, rat or snail;  
Any chief who fails to do,  
Cut his spotted heart in two.

*Whoop-hoo-hoo! Whoop-hoo-hoo!*

*Enter Geronimo and Tarantulahawk.*

Ger—*Vamose* my lusty braves, break up the camp,  
For *poco pronto* o'er the hills we tramp;  
We're well prepared to make a daring raid,  
Across this land; to draw the shining blade  
On all our paleface foes; and then we'll go  
Into the desert wilds of Mexico.  
We'll climb Sierra Madra's lofty brow,

And hunt wild deer, and Mexicans' fat cow;  
And slaughter all the Aztec tribes, who chance  
Within a radius of our sacred dance.  
Here, on these plains I hold the blade on high,  
To sound the war-whoop, and the signal cry!  
And any chief who fails to heed the call,  
May *Chigo-na-ay's* vengeance on him fall.  
Our people have humiliation long  
Withstood from this intruding foreign throng;  
Who come with rifles shooting down our deer,  
And herding us on Reservation here;  
They first compell'd us move our rancherias,  
Then trampled down our crops of corn and maize;  
So now we go to set our people right,  
Or end our lives in an eternal night,  
We have the agent's rations of stale beef.  
And what's of more importance to a chief,  
Good whiskey carried from the sutler's store;  
For rifles, ammunitions, we have more  
Than's good for these encroaching ranchers health,  
Who prowl upon our grounds in search of wealth;  
There's one of these lives over by Cochise,  
They call him Parolenus (Moqui-quoise)  
He is the buck who wed the pretty maid,  
Who crossed San Carlos in the cavalcade.  
The same quick shooting paleface chief, you know,  
Who riddled down the mighty Champero;  
Well, he is spotted for to bite the plain  
E're we return to this Reserve again.  
I'll feast my fancy on his pretty spouse,  
And you can have his burros and his cows.

*All*—Whoop! whoo! whoo! Lets speed away,  
And on this rancher's cattle prey.

*Tar.*—Now slaughter soon will pant along the line,  
As we toward destruction do incline;  
We'll win the land our old ancestors trod,  
And lay the paleface tribes beneath the sod;  
Their ponies and their squaws will all be good,  
And think upon their blankets and rich food.

*All*—Whoop! whoo! whoop! whoo! Lets to horse!  
Over Rincon mountain cross,

E're their general comes to field  
Armed to make our forces yield.

*Ger.*—Whoo, brother Redmen of the western soil,  
Don't think their General Crook shall seize our spoil;  
I've seen his army travel like a snail,  
When looking up our bloodbespattered trail;  
He once did cross Sierra Madra's brow,  
I saw his bold exploits, and wander'd how  
He got those soldiers up among the spires,  
Where we had lur'd him by our signal fires.  
He was so worried on that rugged brow,  
That he won't venture on the warpath now;  
Think ye he'll leave his cozy nook of ease,  
Beneath the shadow of those lofty trees;  
To push his fortune in a doubtful war,  
Where his reputation might receive a scar?  
Not he! I'll lay my richest blanket down  
That he don't venture to yon mountain's crown.  
And for the hordes that Mexico can raise  
To bear the arms of war; to charge, to blaze!  
Upon our mighty dark-brow'd warrior band,  
Who own no force within this spacious land;  
To be superior to this awful arm,  
Which rises fury and surceases harm;  
Nor swiftness fleetier than this flying steed,  
An offspring of the tireless coyuse breed;  
Nor tribe more daring than ye chieftains here,  
I scorn them, as the lion scorns the deer,  
Who ventures out upon a shelf of rock,  
And stamps his foot, though startled at the shock;  
His hazardous adventure there had made,  
Which echos down the cañon's sounding glade  
I scorn them! And I think our band complete  
To make the armies of the gulf retreat,  
So here we go, ye chieftains now take heed,  
All those who intersect our path must bleed.

[EXUNT.]

SCENE II.

*Parolenus' Cattle Ranch in— Mountain, Arizona.*

*Parolenus and wife are discovered sitting beneath a verander in front of their house.*

*Par.*—Yes, sweet Lauruna, I am quite fatigued,  
It was a weary ride I had upon  
The range to-day. You should have seen me rope  
A maverick who stray'd among our herd  
To frolic with the heifer element.

*Mrs. P.*—What news is heifer, maverick to me?

*P.*—Oh, say! I have some more important news,  
I met our neighbor Slag beyond the Butte,  
He told me quite a lengthy tale about  
That surly friend of yours. Ah! Norrian,  
He was your friend e're I—

*Mrs. P.*—What said your Slag?

*P.*—He said that Norrian had turned out bad,  
He is the boldest robber on the plains;  
And now devotes his very precious time  
As leader of an outlawed band, who raids  
In Mexico, and steals fat horses, beeves  
And other booty from the rancheros.

*Mrs. P.*—Well, really, is that all he does?

*P.*— No faith,  
He steals the lordly rancher's daughters too.

*Mrs. P.*—What, Norrian accused of theft?  
It is not so, base slander man.

*P.*— Well, honey wife  
Don't fly so in a rage till I have spun  
My yarn. Which do you treat as slanderous?  
The theft of maid or cow? For my own part  
I don't believe he'd leave a lithe young dame  
To languish on the old parental stem,  
If he could fretter her away.

*Mrs. P.*— O, shame!

*P.*—Well, this is what our neighbor Slag declares,  
That when this Norrian heard that you and I

Had married, he became so much enraged  
That he has muster'd up some followers,  
And started out to have revenge upon  
Ourselves, the world and all society.

*Mrs. P.*—That Slag man knows too much. Why should I be  
The cause of any man's downfall?

*P.*—

I did

Not say you were; but Thomas Slag affirms,  
Or hints as much, which is about the same,  
That you evinced a preference for me  
Because I had more worldly goods than he;  
And on account of this he sicken'd, sour'd,  
And seems determined to make it appear  
That all accumulations of much wealth  
Are got dishonestly. This man has much  
Ambition, and too anxious to keep still;  
He is both powerful for good and bad,  
And since he has prefer'd the latter course,  
There is no knowing what deeds of villainy  
He may be tempted for to perpetrate.

*Mrs. P.*—Wise nature was too lavish in her plans,  
When molding such a man, to leave him waste  
His life among the men who dig in mines;  
He was above the class who claim to be  
His masters; and I think more of him since  
He is the master of these Territories.

*P.*—I don't believe, myself, the rough frontier  
Is any place for men of talent; they  
Will quicker waste the gifts they brought with them  
Than cultivate new ones. Where is that poem  
He wrote to you? You never showed it up.  
Won't you produce it now and read it for  
My sake? You said it rous'd a tender chord,  
I would be pleased to hear the drift of it.

*Mrs. P.*—You are not jealous of him then?

*P.*—

O, no!

Why should I be? I'd sooner show a strain  
Of jealousy toward Carl Manden, that  
Bright gold expert. He is a genius, too,  
Though with some queer eccentricities, and

A character deuced hard to measure up,  
And then you've shown a preference for me,  
That proves I need have no concern about  
The man you left. When woman once withdraws  
Her love, she seldom ever changes back.  
Read us the warrior's song.

*Mrs. P.*—Reads.

Dear Lauruna, far from thee  
Thou hath cruelly banish'd me,  
From the only place I'd rest  
On this earth, thy soothing breast.  
Yet that freezing mood and look  
Was a blow I could not brook;  
Though I flee the deadly stroke,  
I cannot my sorrows choke;  
Did thou wish it from thy heart  
That forever we should part?  
O, Lauruna, say not so!  
Murder not this soul with woe.

Though I knew when first we met  
That some awful doom was set  
On my life for meeting thee,  
Death or happiness for me.  
Yet I do not, will not blame  
Thee for severing the claim,  
If it will but bring to thee  
Joys thou couldst not have with me.

Grant me this before I leave,  
Though the asking make thee grieve,  
That thou sometimes think of me,  
When forever dead to thee;  
It will ease a pang to know  
Thou a trace of feeling show  
For a man who'd give his soul.  
Place his heart at thy control,  
Thou mightst feed it bit by bit,  
To the buzzards casting it;  
If it would but give thee joy,  
I would welcome thus to die.

This is all the boon I crave,  
That when 'neath a lonely grave  
Somewhere on the arid plain,  
Thou wilt think of me again;  
For I, with prophetic eye  
See a tragedy draw nigh;  
I can hear the coyotes howl  
Through the glens of darkness prowl,  
Over blood-stained sands, where lay  
Moldering some human clay,  
That had gain'd the right of birth  
From the proudest of the earth,  
Will thou then without disdain  
Kindly think of me again?

*P.*—I know my story and this reading must  
Have hurt your feelings, dearest wife—be good,  
Why should I say be good just now? O, wife!  
This must have raised unpleasant memories,  
Your glowing cheek is pale, and sad am I,  
O love! My heaven! I'll lay my head upon  
This precious couch to rest.

*[He lays his head on her lap.]*

Why are you so  
Wrapped up in moody silence now? I do  
Believe you would prefer the sunny rhymes  
And pleasant discourse that Carl Manden plies  
To this distracted, passion'd, wayward man.

*Mrs. P.*—What makes you think I fancy Manden, sir?  
He has ne'er entered in my thoughts. Can't one  
Look at a clever gentleman, and take  
A little interest in his noble work.  
Although she is another's spouse, without  
Her ancient husband marking every thought;  
I wish that I was dead. I was not born  
To be a rancher's slave.

*P.*— Don't fret, sweet wife;  
And I won't hurt your feelings any more.  
I won't run down Carl Manden, but will praise  
He's one of these progressive characters  
Who is not troubled with the phrase, "I can't;"  
One who may make himself be known yet,

A man experience will teach to change  
His course when wrong, and rectify mistakes.  
But how it happens that odd sorts will match,  
See what an awkward cuss his partner is.  
He quick, observant, and quite practical.  
His partner, old McSweedon, filled with queer  
Conceits, cracked and a sacred lunatic.

*Mrs. P.*—Heaven knows what may befall us yet out here  
Let's leave the ranch in some trustworthy hands,  
And go reside like other civilians in  
Some city, where we'll be protected from  
This frontier war, and savage Indian raids,  
I'm heartily sick of such a life as this,  
You know the Indians are a menace of  
Perpetual danger of the deepest dye.

*P.*—Why think not so. For me I fear them not,  
And furthermore, I would not live within  
The cramp'd up confines of a rumbling town;  
Just look at these two pictures, which I've long  
Revolved within my mind. One pictures out  
A dreary night spent on the chilly plains,  
A ride along the dusty road beneath  
The twinkling stars, till all my bones were chill'd,  
My muscles stiff and sore. I ride towards  
This mountain-sheltered home, where all is cold  
And still, no person living here. Though in  
My soul a secret dread of what may've chanced  
Since I road out; my mind a conjuring up  
The image of some fearful ghost to meet  
Me in the threshold of my house when I  
Unlock the door, or some wild robber fall  
Upon me from behind. At least the place  
Is lonely, dark and cold, and I must cheer  
It for myself. And then I'd picture out  
A wife at home, a *casa* snug and warm,  
And when I reached the portal of the door,  
I'd throw me from my stead, bound in the house  
To meet a warm embrace. That would repay  
A thousand fold for all I suffered on  
The plain. But then, alas, such boon could not  
Be mine. I reach my rancho home and all

The pleasant thoughts disperse, 'tis cold and chill.  
I grope around the dreary rooms to chase  
The darkness, and the shadowy ghosts away,  
With friendly pistol in my nervous hand.  
But now the wheel of time rolls slowly on,  
So please attend the pleasant history of  
Another similar night spent on the plains,  
'Tis same in like unto the first I named,  
Save only this: I was much worse fatigued  
And fretted with the cold. But when I reached  
The guarded embrasure of my retreat  
(For fortified and guarded well it is  
Since it gives shelter to so fair a dove,)  
What greeted me! By heaven it would repay  
(The greeting I received) a wanderer for  
A life of toil. The pleasure was away  
Beyond the fancy of my brightest dreams;  
A pleasant fire a blazing on the hearth,  
The smell of flavored victuals steaming warm,  
Which always tastes sweet to the weary swain  
When worn out from a long day's fast, and then  
The warm nest feathered, all in waiting for  
My head to nestle down beneath a soft,  
Hot wing. No down from panting breast of dove  
Could make a pretense to compare to this;  
This joy uncrossed, unfettered—lets resign  
All else to *feeling*. Yea! A bosh to all  
The world's philosophy. I like to ride  
Out every day to encounter this return.  
The man who runs to daily business on  
A crowded street knows naught of this,  
His life's a humdrum all the season round;  
Therefore, I would discourage all your thoughts  
Of moving cityward, dear wife. We've lived  
Here as if 'neath a happy spell, so don't  
Do any rash act that might tend to break  
The charm. We'll live as happy here as our  
Fat bees who browse among the mountain glens,  
And think of naught but water, food and love.

*Mrs. P.*—We'll think some day of Indians though, I fear,  
You know they always come this way, when off  
The Reservation on their predatory raids,

And you did tell me once you kill'd one of  
Their tribe while they were shooting down your stock.

*P.*—Faith, that I did. I filled a thieving Ing  
So full of lead, that neither Satan or  
His other black companions recognized  
His hide. That was the only Indian killed  
For many years, though army men boast of  
Their fine exploits and many conquests won,  
While hunting desperate, bold Apaches down;  
Though I believe they seized upon an old lame squaw,  
In one campaign, and made her prisoner of war.

*[Indians are seen hiding behind the cactus, and creeping up from every direction till they completely surround the house.]*

There is an Indian now, run for your life!  
My rifle, ha! Quick in the house dear wife.

*[The Indians shoot at him.]*

O, I am wounded unto death! We're lost!

*[The Indians shoot down Parolenus, and take Mrs. Parolenus a prisoner.]*

*[Geronimo, to Mrs. Parolenus.]*

What makes you stare with those great big round eyes?  
As though the sun had scorch'd to cinders all  
The happy hunting grounds of my obscure  
Ancestry, who once owned this broad-green land,  
Or most of it. For many, many moons  
Ago, they drove the war-like Zunis from  
This very spot. Slew their surrender'd braves;  
Seized their maturing squaws, who followed our  
Victorious, young valuptuous chiefs  
To shady nooks to share the sweetness of  
Enamor'd bliss without a murmur. Ha!  
White squaw, you look upon your paramour.  
We owed the brave that death for shooting down  
The mighty Champero some years gone by,  
(Cactus-worm-sucker, you lift off his scalp,  
And stretch it round your war-like saddle-bow.)  
You stare! No cry. A woman ought to shed  
A flood of tears. Your mouth seems to be glued;  
O, now the color in your face doth change,  
As though the heart beat hard against your cheek.  
I thought from the dead whiteness of your face

You had no heart to actuate the blood;  
But now it moves like flashes of the great  
Electric streak, when playing havoc 'mong  
The over-weighted clouds.

NOTE.—While this Indian language is a translation, this particular harangue of Geronimo's was gotten off in a villianous mixture of Apache, bad Mexican, and worse English. THE AUTHOR.

Mrs. P.— O, kill me too!  
Give me your pistol Ing?

Ger.— Not now, my squaw,  
We have some other use for you.

[To Tarantulahawk.] Take her  
Away, Tarantula-hawk. But *poco* soon  
Señora may be granted such a boon

Tar.—(Bearing her off.) Come on, my doe-faced squaw,  
I'll guide you where  
You may our gallant chief's affection share.

*Exunt.*

---

SCENE III.

*General Crook's headquarters at Fort—Arizona. — Enter Gen. Crook and Capt. Crawford.*

Crook—Well, now, my valorous Crawford, we have all  
The warring Indians pacified. Thanks to  
Our calm, pacific rule. The land can now  
Enjoy a blissful summer peace, for all  
The depredations on the border hence  
Shall cease. How many little mounds of hope  
Shall sprinkle the rude hills. Instead  
Of digging graves, the miners will convert  
Their brawn to sinking prospect holes to find  
The precious ore.

Craw.— Perhaps. But who comes here!  
[Enter a prospector.]

Pros.—Who is commander of this fort?

Crook — I am  
Sir at your pleasure here. What do you wish?

*Pros.*—I come to bring you news that that bad Ing,  
Geronimo, with more'n a hundred bucks  
And squaws, have left San Carlos Reservation.  
They've raided through the mountains of Dragoon,  
And killed three men near that great natural fort;  
Where old Cochise defied the troops so long,  
And made it famous as Cochise stronghold.

*Crook*—Do you know this, sir, as a fact?

*Pros.*— I do.

*Enter McSweedon, a prospector, with his traps packed upon a burro, and driving him with a mescal pole.*

*McS.*—Wogh, Simon! You terrestrial wanderer, wogh!  
You'd run your sanctimonious snout right in  
The General's private quarters, and knock down  
His polish'd army-scorifying blade.  
Hello, there, Generals, Colonels, Captains and  
Whatnots! How are all of your sorts to-day?

*Capt. Cr.*—O, charming, Mr. Jackass driver. How  
Is everything preambulating on  
The cactus-belted deserts now with you?

*McS.*—You know not, army-straps whom you address,  
'Tis queer what cruel havocs, ills and freaks,  
This sulky world plays with her greatest men.  
Diogenes lived 'neath a wooden tub,  
Mahomed drove a surly team of mules;  
Confucius scarce had rice enough to eat,  
And Christ, our Lord, was but a fisherman;  
While, as you see, the greatest of them all,  
Myself, doth punch about a burro train.

*Capt. Cr.*—"A burry train," I had a late idea  
He was a very scurvy-looking ass;  
Do you pretend to be a greater man  
Than those you mentioned now?

*McS.*— That is about  
The size of what McSweedon now pretends.  
Those sacred names of yore discovered new  
Religions, or phylosophies, things which  
Are visionary, chemerically—While I  
Discover that which is more solid and

Substantial—veins of gold and silver ore.  
There was our savior, he fished after men,  
But now we have a savage Ingin chief  
A scalping after men. We've been way up  
Upon the Pinal mountains, where we found  
A spacious ledge of rich wire-silver ore;  
In fact it was the biggest thing that's been  
Unearth'd for years. You ought have seen the chunks  
Of chlorides, held within a network of  
The precious wire. In fact I was prepared  
To dig a million out and go back to  
Kentucky, when (the devil take the welps)  
Geronimo, with his coyoty thieves  
Came prowling on our camp, which made us go  
As if a cyclone had us held in tow.  
The redskins are so plenty in the land  
That one can't hold his scalp on with his hand.

*Capt. Cr.*—How do you know it was Geronimo?

[*Enter Carl Manden on horseback.*]

What did these Indians look like anyway?

*McS.*—Ho, Carl! This militaryfied galoot  
Asks how the red-faced centipedes were dressed.

(This is my partner, Colonels—Carl Mandon.)

Carl tell the Army what the reds had on  
When they surprised us at our silver mine,  
And sent us scooting down a steep incline.  
Old Simon, like a meteor, dash'd ahead,  
And I was next him, like a charge of lead;  
Carl was the only one who saw the tribe,  
Therefore he can their likenesses describe.

*Carl M.*—Geronimo road proudly in the lead,  
A long repeater slung across his steed;  
A tattered gee-string round his loins; his breast  
Was manteled in a parson's Sunday vest;  
His feet in moccasins incased; his head  
Was wrapp'd up in a handkerchief blood-red.  
These were the only garments that he wore,  
As down the crags he road his tribe before;  
His latest squaw was gliding by his side,  
And gazed upon her lord with amorous pride.  
His older loves were rearer in the van,

Bestride their steeds, superior to a man.  
Their gee-strings round their wide equators girt,  
A rament scant as Eve's old fig-leaf skirt;  
(I call their waist equator, for you know  
A squaw's plump form is bulkiest below;  
They learn to grow so wide and large and round  
From falling, while too young, upon the ground.)  
Their breasts were dangling in the summer sun,  
Like gossamer cocoons by silkworm spun;  
Some of the chiefs were scantier dressed than they,  
They even lack'd a tail to scare away  
The buzzing flies, which other brutes possess,  
But cloth'd their persons in the frailest dress  
That ever mortal spread across his front,  
Viz: Uncle Sam's permission to go hunt.  
Though some were clad in less or more gear,  
I saw one's hide bared to the atmosphere;  
Save where a soldier's hat his brow conceal'd,  
And Spanish spurs clink'd at his naked heel,  
And others with a string of beads were blessed,  
For 'tis against their laws to ride undressed.  
T'was thus they came. Their trail of guiltless blood  
Will stain old Arizona's virgin sod.

*Capt. Cr.*—Well, I should say those Indians were well-dressed,  
I've seen a squaw wear a pappoose for a fig leaf.

[*Enter a Courier.*]

*Cour.*—The outlaw'd chief, Geronimo, has killed  
One Parolenus, at his ranch, and taken  
His wife a prisoner.

*McS.*—                    Electric Jove!  
Who us'd to throw red lightning from the clouds,  
Is Parolenus slain?

*Cour.*—                    He's deader than  
The government's late Indian policy.

*McS.*—Now, by the mummy of the King Cheopes,  
Who built his pyramid with vainest hopes,  
May enterprises wither on the plain  
Since Parolenus is among the slain.

*1st Pros.*—O Parolenus, to thy memory  
A lasting homage I alone may pay,  
Thou wast my friend, magnanimous and kind,  
A nobler, truer soul I ne'er shall find.  
And thou didst not escape their savage rage,  
Though armed with guns secure within thy cage;  
A fort that Montazuma might envy,  
With admiration in his sunlit eye.  
A home like Crusoe's, perch'd against a rock,  
With smiling valleys round where graze thy stock;  
And there thou tended to thy herd of cows,  
In peace, oblivious of the Chiricahuas;  
But now the vipers have assail'd thy bower,  
Thy agile form hath perished in an hour;  
But yesterday thou hadst no time to spare  
From off thy ranch, the center of thy care,  
But now thy stock doth wander o'er the plain,  
Till seized by other hands, their owner slain.  
The aims of man are vain as leaves of trees,  
That bloom till nature's pores by Boreas freeze,  
And then they scatter on the lightest breeze;  
To-day he may gain wealth he calls his own,  
To-morrow life and savings all are gone.

*Cour.*—And his ill-fated wife is now being dragged  
Ignominiously through thorny chaparral,  
Lashed to a wild bronco, what comes of her?

*Carl M.*—McSweedon, let's decamp, and take the trail  
Of these unamiable Apache welps.

*McS.*—'Tis dangerous O, Carl! I'd rather hide  
My skin than lose it in this Ingin fray.

*Carl M.*—Our life must end, and why not lose it now?  
For me I'd pawn a thousand lives to save  
O, her! O, heaven preserve!

*McS.*—All right, O, Carl,  
If you in earnest shout, we'll rescue her,  
I know some miners will accompany us;  
Come Courier, mount thy steed and be our guide.

*Cour.*—No, I'll stay with the army where I'm safe.

*McS.*—All right. As fortune favors us we speed,  
And if it goes against us then we bleed.

*1st Pros.*—McSweedon, I along with you will go,  
But you will have to spur that dull burro,  
If you expect to cross the hill and plain  
As soon as we can give our horses rein.

*McS.*—Don't fret, old Simon can get up and fly  
When fate hangs on the casting of the die.

*Carl M.*—Come on, all ye who honor me as friend,  
This is a cause that heaven will commend.

[*Exit Carl Manden.*]

*Capt Cr.*—Why, that is nothing new, chivalrous friends,  
In Arizona, to perceive a score  
Of men and several tribes of Indians  
In wild distraction after one man's wife.

*Gen. Crook.*—Those married men ought to have left their  
wives

Back in the States. Great Horace Greely once  
Did say: "Go west young man and grow up with  
The country," and is not that wisdom now?

*McS.*—Yes, General, I should solemnly say,  
And had not this great government of ours  
Paid some of us war gods our fare out west,  
We never would have come so far from home,  
Gee Simon! Lets for desperate ventures roam.

[*Exit McSweedon and Prospector.*]

[*Enter another Courier.*]

*2d. Cour.*—Rouse up your forces, General, and to field,  
For the death-dealing red-skins are turned loose,  
To scalp and viscerate the commonwealth.  
As I road through Deadcoyote pass, I saw  
( 'Tis sickening to describe the ghastly scene; )  
The villains had a man tied to a tree  
With his own entrails, while they stood apart  
And threw hot burning knots into his wounds.  
Four dead prospectors lay upon the trail,  
All gashed and cruelly disfigured.

*Gen. Crook.*— Oh!  
For goodness sake you harping fiends let up,  
'Tis Injin, Injin, Injin that you roar;  
Prospectors, miners, cranks and fools have all

Seen Injins on their trail and in their sleep,  
Till one is doubtful of the truth they speak;  
They fancy every cactus, bush and crag  
To be a roving band of savages.  
Go, Crawford, muster up a company straight,  
Fit thee a band of scouts, and take the trail  
Of this Geronimo and followers,  
Whom, I expect, are heading for Madra.  
Don't you let up till they are run to earth,  
Then bring them back as prisoners of war,  
Surrendered unconditionally to us;  
Call at my quarters, where you will receive  
Such documents of extradition that  
Will give you safe convoy through Mexico.

---

[*Exunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Norrian's Camp in Mexico.—Enter Norrian and two prospectors.*

*Nor.*—Where heard you so much Indian news?

*1st Pros.*—

Why man

We only left Tombstone five days ago,  
And have been riding rapidly e'er since;  
Report reached Tombstone on the day we left  
That one stock-rancher, Parolenus, had  
Been butchered at his ranch, and his young wife  
(The fairest mortal in Cochise,) is now  
A captive to Geronimo, which leaves  
Her in a state that some considers worse  
Than death. For me, I leave you free to draw  
Your own conclusions as your fancy may.

*Nor.*—Is Parolenus dead? His wife in peril!  
A captive!

*1st Pros.*—Indeed, 'tis true. I hear that Crook  
Has set a company on the Indian's trail,  
More to contract a peace than fight with them.  
All the prospectors in the hills do hunt  
Their holes, like you may've seen prairie-dogs

In their quaint burrow'd towns; each seated on  
His sterile dump, beside his hole, gay as  
You please, until a hunter comes along  
And fires a gun. Then, lo! Quick as the flash,  
Reverberates the hills among, Co chuck!  
Each rodent darts in 's excavated cave,  
From whence he's seen no more. So tumble all  
The miners in their prospect-holes as though  
The planet saturn mounted on his rings  
Bicycly-wise, come whirling round our earth.  
While Indians murder, rob and plunder all  
Their camps without e'r check or hinderance;  
Look how a tree doth breast him to the breeze,  
Till woodman comes with ax and saw, and quick  
Dissects the trunk part from the roots, it reels!  
It falling, cleaves the air with frightful clash!  
Great caves of *vacuum* chasing after it  
With hissing fury, in its wild descent  
To earth. While fly the woodmen, all the squirrels  
And lizards scramble off—So flies the whole  
Caucasian race with tear and dread of this  
Destroying Chief Geronimo, who keeps  
The elements continually full of lead.

*Nor.*—Where is the source from which he draws such large  
Supplies of ammunition.

*1st Pros.*— Sure he has  
The best that's used. The Government forty-five  
Seventy.

*2nd Pros.*—Bejabbers man, they've kept a sthreak  
Ov mettal in the air from way beyent  
San Carlos Reservation, to the line  
Ov Mexico forninst yez here; sometimes  
The bullets comes so 'fernal close upon  
Each others hals that yez could not commence  
To drive a gad betwixt 'em, sure yez couldn't.

*1st Pros.*—Could you sell some provisions, Mr. Norrian?

*Nor.*—How much provisions do you wish?

*1st Pros.*— I have  
Some forty dollars here. I would lay in  
Two sacks of flour, five pounds of Mexican beans,

Ten pounds of bacon, and some coffee, and—  
We'll keep the balance to buy whiskey with.

*2d Pros.*—O, How! y Moses pard, what dos yez want  
Two sacks ov flour for! Buy twinty pounds  
Ov flour, and keep the rest for whiskey; we  
Will need it in this droughty land.

*Nor.*— Well, I  
Can spare you no supplies. You'd better keep  
It all for whiskey.—*Adios.*

*1st Pros*— Well health,  
To you, good-by.

*2d Pros*— Good-by, and may  
Yez for the want of tangle-foot go dry.

[*Exit Prospectors.*]

*Nor.*—So Parolenus (my old rival once  
In love,) that selfish, grasping miser, who  
Conspired away a love-affair of mine,  
Is now commingled with the common earth;  
And she a helpless, fettered prisoner  
To renegade Apache savages.  
Can this be so? Or am I a victim of  
Some hideous dream?—'Tis so! For there still goes  
The persons who inform'd me. Traveling south-  
Like demons laden with ill-news. The love  
I bear that woman, whom I should have fain  
Forgotten long ago, still sways me—I,  
Who hold myself a subject to no laws,  
Nor mortal man, would fall a willing slave  
To one who spurns me. 'Twas her love that bore  
Me down; but still I love and bow to her;  
I love her, though she's lost—Time only seems  
To make that fire take stronger hold on me,  
Though men have often tried to rule and crush  
Me, some to trample on me—yet I own  
No master on this earth. I stand as free  
As these shrub-garland hills; and yet I would  
Be ruled by her, but could not. Now old fate!  
Great Destiny has placed her in a plight  
Far worse than mine. My passions all dissolve  
To pity. I would risk both earth and heaven

To save her. Now I go to rescue her;  
If I succeed, I wonder if she'll scorn  
Me then; if I should fail—O, then am I  
Food for the sulphur pit. Then roar corruption!  
Dart thunderbolts! Gap earthquakes, and raise up  
Old Bedlam! But I'll never speak that word,  
For I shall rescue her. Henceforth on that  
New expedition shall I bend my soul's  
Whole energy and force.—For this I go.  
If I can only rescue her in time,  
There may yet be some ray of heaven for me;  
Far from this place forever shall I go—  
What? With that noble nature to sustain  
What little's in me left, I might still dare  
To hope. When Waccliff doth return, we'll leave  
All our incumbrances behind, and hunt  
The filthy redskins from their lair, and then—  
O, heavens!—the greatest devil will survive  
The fray the longest. For the movers of  
That irrepressible wage will hold their lives  
At lesser value than the powder which  
Destroys them. Soft, here comes my men.

[*Enter Phil, Pennsylvanian, New Yorker and other followers of Norrian.*]

*Phil.*—Who were those men you talked with now?

*Nor.*— They were  
Tombstone prospectors, bound in search of mines  
In Mexico.

*N. Y.*—They'll get a tombstone ere  
They leave old Mexico.

*Penn* — They ride fine horses,  
Their traps are packed upon high-stepping mules.  
What said they in the shape of news? Came they  
From our proud union of the stripes and stars.

*Nor.*—They said that Saturn's outer *tire* came off,  
And whirl'd itself to atoms round the face  
Of earth.

*N. Y.*—If that is all the news they brought,  
I'd like to see them wear old Saturn's rings  
About their necks till I come cut them off.

*Nor.*—Well, they brought other news of Indian raids;  
How would you like to hunt the redskins from  
Their lairs among the crags?

*N. Y.*—

I like it not.

*Nor.*—Well, anyhow we go to fight the reds,  
And anyone don't want to follow me  
Can tarry here. Some of you go in search  
Of Waccliff, he has gone out to locate  
The whereabouts of the collectors of  
The Custom House.

[*Exit some in search of Waccliff.*]

*N. Y.*—

I have no appetite

Myself to go on Indian raids.

*Nor.*—Why did you not then stay back in New York,  
You've traveled many miles from home already  
To get this good position stealing beeves;  
I s'pose you were a model boy at home,  
Your mother's own sweet darling child, whom she  
Did dote upon—reared tenderly to fear  
The Lord, or were you not their *prodigal*?  
The only black sheep of the flock; and can  
Return at any time, if you would but  
Consent. - Your father would send wealth to bring  
You home, and kill the fatted calf, and have  
An antique feast about their wayward boy.

*N. Y.*—Well, now, to tell you what's the simple truth  
I am no Pilgrim who left wealth at home,  
But was invited once to leave New York,  
Or you'd have probably never met me here.

*Nor.*—How is it with you, Ned, from Pennsylvania?

*Pen.*—You mean what caused me to come West?

*Nor.*—

Ay, Ned.

*Pen.*—Some of my charming lady friends conceived  
A weakness, which I think's peculiar to  
Their sex—to soon conceive—which weakness in  
Such friend, I did not much admire, and thought  
It very wise in me to take a change

Of venue straight, and lost no time in doing so.  
Thus you behold me here.

*Nor.*— I will believe  
Your story, Ned, 'tis as we might suppose,  
I've never met a Pennsylvanian  
In Arizona, or old Mexico,  
Who did not tell that very yarn. Where is  
The pirate from Missouri?

*Phil.*— He  
Is herding of the stock.

*Nor.*— Well, I suppose  
That he became insulted with his home  
And native State, and left because they didn't  
Run Frankie James for Governor of State.  
I have a hard, particularly hard,  
Unsated crowd around me here, indeed.  
But you, my boys, have none the best of me,  
For I came here intending to get killed ;  
But let me tell you I will make it warm—  
Almighty warm, for those who do that deed.  
I have within my burning breast a whole  
Vesuvius of hot, scorching lava, there  
Pent-up; and when I find the man I seek,  
I'll make him think that his mortality  
Has been o'ertaken by a cyclone from  
Dacota, or a San Juan avalanche.

*N. Y.*—Well, you can soon be kill'd, if you will fight  
The Indians. And if you fall within  
The clutches of the law, you may be hanged,  
Because you know the world has got a bad  
Opinion of our trade.

*Nor.*— I hold the world's  
Opinion to be of no account. Where do  
They get their wise opinions from? One man  
Forms his, and his old honest neighbor makes  
Another of his own. The strongest man  
Makes his opinion law. The man who first  
Made laws, constructed them so as to fleece  
His neighbors.

*Pen.*— Well, to disregard the world's  
Opinion, is to suicide in itself.

*Nor.*—I care not, I will be like other men,  
And make laws of my own. We now have laws  
That we will freely deal in beeves, which we,  
In order to possess in honest-wise,  
Would have pasture out, and run the risk  
Of some marauder fritting them away;  
While now we let the Mex'an rancher have  
The care of raising them, while we dispose  
Of them. In this we act the part of all  
Fine gentlemen of property and wealth.

[*Their Camp is disturbed by the distant discharge of firearms.*]  
What is that shooting?

*Pen.*— 'Tis a band  
Of greaser vacqueros, who have attack'd  
Our camp.

*Nor.*— Then get your arms and drive them off.

*N. Y.*—I thought the ranchers would attack us to  
Revenge themselves for grievances and try  
Recapture their good long-horned beeves.

[*They all seize their rifles and go after the Mexicans. The  
Mexicans rush in on them shooting.*] [*Exunt fighting*]

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SCENE II.

[*Geronimo's Camp on the border. Enter Mrs. Parolenus, led in  
as a prisoner by Tarantulahawk.*]

*Ta.*—Whoo! Sit you down fair doe-faced squaw and rest,  
You have much worried me, and broke my sleep,  
With ravin', tearin', moanin', cryin', phoo!  
I'd rather have a panther's she to guard;  
One that had left her sucking cubs at home,  
And now did howl with pain in her old dugs.

*Mrs. P.*—( *using.* )

I dream'd last night I was a child again  
At home, and play'd upon the hillside with  
My little brother. We did wander down

The slope in search of honey-laden flowers;  
And when I lean'd out o'er a dizzy cliff  
To pluck a snowy-petal'd rose, I lost  
My balance and did seem to fall down thro'  
The void zenith, and would have been soon dash'd  
To fragments in the rocky vale below,  
But that my brother pluck'd me from the air.  
I often read in works of fiction, how  
When people are in peril, just when they are  
About to be engulfed, a rescue comes;  
But that such things don't happen in real life,  
Experience long hath taught. I am convinced  
A succor hardly ever comes when needed.  
And yet the soldiers now should be upon  
The trail, perhaps on arbitration bent,  
As are their want. How did my husband in  
The last, last talk we ever had together,  
Speak of Carl Manden? Well, I know that man,  
I know that he would risk his life—his all  
For me—if he could save. The eyes have long  
Bespoke the heart, though silence held the lips.  
I've lately had a great experience in  
That school, and find too many lovers worse  
Than none. This musing brings my thoughts back to  
Another man—that Norrian—Ah, me!  
Has not his words fulfilled their prophesy?  
And "I can see a tragedy draw nigh,"  
Has not more tragedies than one transpired?  
Is not now "moldering some human clay?"  
Hast thou connived at this calamitous  
Revenge? Wilt thou now smile to see me fall?  
Because I didst thee wrong? I tampered with  
A fatal spark of human fire when I  
Play'd carelessly with love's impress on thee;  
Some pay too dear for such a bit of fun.

*Ta.*—Now my calamor doe-faced squaw take rest.  
I want to keep you fat for our big chief;  
He likes fat squaws to love with all. He will—

*Mrs. P.*—If thou wast furnished with the grossest speck  
Of human reason Inj., I would kneel down  
Low as thy feet and beg of thee to end

My mortal life; but being as reason or  
My tears have no effect on thee, henceforth  
I hold thee with defiance, and would not  
E'en ask escape of thee, degraded beast.

*Enter Chipmonk.*

*Chip.*—Whoo-hoo-joo ! Tarantulahawk, *sabe V* bring  
The pale-face squaw *poco pronto* Geronimo,  
To stand her trial, *sabe V phoo-hoo-hoo.*

*Tar.*—

Whoo, come sweet doe-faced squaw, lead on (I do *(aside)*  
Begrudge him this fair boon with all my heart,  
And fain would pack his liver to a bear;  
But that he would out-do me then. If I  
Should pack her off for my own use he'd kill  
Me sure). Come on old squaw, haste you to grace  
Our chieftain's sight.

*Mrs. P.*— I had resolved to stand  
Upon my strength ; whatever future woes  
Might come, to fight them like a man—but I  
Cannot, O pity me! O save me from  
That other wretch! Save me, dence-color'd hawk,  
And I shall be thy slave. I'll crawl within  
The very dust to smoothe thy path from care.  
Nay, if thou hast a load to pack, I'll ease  
Thee of the weight and bear it all myself.  
Just take me to my ravish'd home, and I  
Shall make thee rich. Thou shalt have all the herds  
That graze upon the luscious meadows of  
Our mountain ranch. O, teach thy heart to know  
The pathos of blest mercy, or it will  
Be thou who kneelst for pity next. I tell  
Thee Inj., I see thee mold the bullet that  
Will pierce thy tainted heart.

*Tar.*— Whoo, whoo ! Come on,  
Go packing to the chief, Geronimo.

*Mrs. P.*—Forsake that chief and guide me to my home,  
And I shall give the bounteous food to eat.

*Ta.*—You cook me lots of sweet things?

*Mrs. P.*— That I will.

*Ta.*—Suppose you *sabe* reservation at San Carlos, *Señora*? Well, I go there At any time I please. Go to the post And get a whole squaw-load of rations; whoop! Squaw pack it off and find a shady tree, First day I eat all of the sugar up; Next day I eat the rations of dried fruit, Then drink much water, squaw go hunt mescal, Fat bugs and snails, I lay down in the shade Until another ration day. Come go You to Geronimo, your fate is sealed.

*Mrs. P.*—I am a woman, I; O, save me wretch!

*Ta.*—Phoo, whoo, wild doe! I like a woman much; So does our mighty chief Geronimo. That's why he sends for you. He likes you more Than any squaw he ever met before; And he will use you in so fine a way. That every buck would long to have the play.

*(Catching hold of her.)*

If I was not in subject to his will,  
My amored notions now should have their fill.  
Chipmonk, go tell Geronimo, tragoon,  
That me and doe-faced squaw are coming soon.  
Just settle down upon this grassy place  
And yield to me the splendor of your grace.

*(As he attempts to drag her along she pulls a knife out of his belt and stabs at him; but he perceives her motive and wrenches the knife from her grasp; at the same time raises it and plunges it into her breast. She throws up her hands and staggers back, exclaiming:)*

To death, and my lost husband now I go  
And leave defeat with him who struck this blow.  
That's all they've won from this outrageous fray,  
Is dark defeat, and moldering human clay.

*(Falls.)*

*(Just then a bullet whizzes apast Tarantulahawk's ear. A company of miners, prospectors, etc., headed by Carl Manden, rushes down, firing at the Indians, who, being surprised, all take to flight, and run for the hills in wild confusion.)*

*Carl Manden comes in and picks Mrs. Paralenus up in his arms and carries her away, while his companions shout.)*

*(Exunt.)*

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ACT III.

SCENE I.

*[General Crook's Camp on the frontier, near the line of Mexico.]*  
*—Enter General Crook and Hon. Dubrans from the city of Wash.*

*Cr.*—So, Hon. Dubrans, I understand  
That you have formed a new society  
In Washington, for the protection and  
Prevention of more cruelty towards  
The Chiricahua tribe of Apaches.

*Dub.*—Well, not exactly, General, we don't want  
To protect the cruelty, but prevent it.  
A number of philanthropists from the  
New England States, New Jersey and New York,  
(All good religious souls) assembled in  
The town of Washington, and form'd a grand  
Society that will henceforth protect  
The noble redman from being pilfer'd by  
The wicked element who settles here.  
These documents contain our by-laws and  
A summary of what I shall enforce.

*[Hands him the documents.]*

*[Enter, at the other side of the stage, Carl Manden on horseback and McSweedon, astride of Simon, his ass.]*

*McS.*—I tell you the eternal truthness, Carl,  
If it was not for Simon's company  
I would be scar'd to death ere this with fright;  
I do remind me how one moonlight night,  
I pluck'd the old decaying sticks from off  
An ancient Indian's grave, to light my camp;  
And on the crumbling top of ruins, which  
The Toltecs built, when this old land was young,  
Did build a fire that blaz'd up thro' the haze  
Of night to lend enchantment to the scene;

And on the crackling embers there did roast  
A tender rib of venison, for my appetite  
Was keen. Well, when the firelight glisten'd on  
The relics old, that burro drew a breath;  
Yea, equal to the breath a whale doth draw  
Before it sinks beneath the waves to sound.  
He then turn'd loose, and fetch'd a hideous roar  
That woke the slumbering echos from their dark  
Abodes among the timber-belted hills;  
As if he would the Toltecs spirits forth  
Invoke to tell who built those powerful walls,  
Who painted hieroglyphics on those grey  
Old granite slabs so quaint and fantastically.  
Who shap'd those tools of flint and syenite rude,  
And molded this outlandish pottery?  
Had they their sons of toil, who labor thro'  
The weary day, and others who lay by  
Beneath the cedar's cooling shade until  
The crop was glean'd, so they could eat of it?  
Had they monarchical powers to rule the State?  
Ambitious men who tried to sway the world,  
And build their fancies on the waving clouds.  
And where now sleep those antique sons of old?  
How came they to forsake this sunny clime,  
And leave no offspring for to speak them fair?  
All this he seem'd to ask in his request,  
While shaking of his shaggy ears to give  
A strong expression to the solemn theme.  
But to his call no answer came, save that  
A coyote bark'd his sorry answer up  
From out a yawning cañon's gloomy depth;  
A thousand feet below the river roar'd  
The cataracts along, while tearing at  
Its granite walls as though it would be free,  
And crouch'd—like monarch of the Orient—  
Upon a steep and perpendicular cliff,  
That overlook'd the cañon's depth, lay a  
Great lioness fondling with her whelps;  
Her fertile udders spread a porphyry shelf  
Along, for to refresh her young (whose eyes  
Glared thro' the moonlight scene) did savagely  
Stand up, and stretch her ivory claws, till they

Did pierce the rock; then lick'd her savory chops,  
And lash'd her tail around her heaving ribs,  
As though she did intend to leap across  
The cañon's roaring width. And then old Sime  
Did bray her out of countenance, until  
The streak of dawn did kiss away the gloom.

*Carl*.—There's Gen. Crook. Good morning to you, Gen.

*McS.*—How is your moody Generalship by this?

(*rook*—Well, thank you, gentlemen, dismount and stay  
Awhile in camp. This is Professor Dubrans.

*Carl*—I'm pleased to meet you, Dubrans.

*McS.*—So am I  
Sir Duddlebrains. You look though like a Yank.

*Du.*—Well, really sir, your greeting is too warm  
(Or too much like a bear. 'Tis what one should [aside]  
Expect from these border ruffians, though.) Where may  
You frontiersmen be bound?

*McS.*—Sometimes we're bound  
For gold, sometimes we're bound for Indians,  
And then sometimes their bound for us. Just now  
We're bound to Mexico in search of gold,  
Lead, cinnabar and precious stones. Where is  
Your honor bound?

*Du.*—I have just loiter'd here  
To see that you adventurers do not  
Corrupt the morals of the Indian.  
Those ruffians on the bordering lands have been  
Encroaching on this guileless brave's reserve,  
And teaching him to sin, and will degrade  
His women folks.

*McS.*—Not I, I would not smile  
Upon their broad-faced squaws for anything.  
I want no half-breeds in my family.

*Du.*—When he, imposed upon, goes out and fights,  
For the protection of his natural rights,  
I don't think he is to be blamed. I now  
Intend to use kind words and moral suasion  
To civilize this innocent Apache.

*McS.*—There's only one persuaision that will have  
Effect on this corrupted innocence.

*Du.*—And what is that?

*McS.*—                               A chunk of lead about  
An ounce in weight run thro' his filthy brain.

*Du.*—O, horrid man! 'Tis time I came out here.  
Are you aware that I am now sent west  
As agent of a great society,  
And henceforth do intend to see that this  
Poor Indian gets his rights, and will report  
All the proceedings and occurrences  
To that society in Washington.

*Carl*—I wish you luck in this great enterprise,  
Indeed I do. You've loiter'd timely here,  
Upon a noble philanthropic cause  
And may be entertained by this Apache;  
Or he may entertain himself with you.  
I ask you Dubrans if you are aware  
The government protects these red-skins now,  
While they carouse in vice unnamable?

*Dub.*—It tallies with the nature of you rude  
Prospector's calling to belittle the  
Aborigines.

*McS.*—                               If Carl says so, Dudebrains,  
Don't you dispute it, and remember I  
Am from Kentucky, sah. You used to howl  
The same way for the many colored nig.

*Crook.*—Why, gentlemen, don't wax so very warm.  
You know Professor Dubrans has the best  
Intentions in the world.

*McS.*—                               Why don't he then  
Protect the poor prospector who gets robbed  
Of mines, and killed by these Abondernees?  
But no, when we get scalp'd by Indians,  
You say we get our just reward. I see,  
You piousmongers from the Eastern slope  
Think you've just struck a theme original  
In landing these red spider's virtues, which  
They never did possess. You think, perhaps,

Some windy talker will write up a book  
On worthy merits of this Inj., and put  
Your name in it, and in that way you would  
Get boosted up to fame.

*Dub.*— I came not here  
To seek for fame. I came to offer peace.  
I will establish here a Sunday school,  
And teach the redmen mild philanthropy.  
We canvassed well this question ere I came.

*McS.*—I canvassed this ere Injun question too,  
And know the nature of your pet Apache.

*Dub.*—You are, sir, a misanthropist. You know  
Those braves were born with free immortal souls.

*McS.*—I don't know any mummery of the kind.  
The world is all conglomerated on  
This very subject of equality.

Man may be equal born financially,  
Because there's none of us possessed a shirt  
When we came on this sphere; but in  
The universal scope of Intellects,  
The races don't in any sense compare.

This aboriginal Inj. is of the earth,  
And earthy are his acts and feelings. All  
His faculties are selfish, low and base.  
Did you e'er notice that the further down  
You go among the human races, and  
The brute creation, the more selfishness  
You find? 'Tis even so. You give this Inj.  
A loaf of bread, and he will want the flour  
Mills of St. Paul and Minneapolis.  
And will not be contented then until  
He gets your scalp to make the contract good ;  
Just note the brainless chicken how, if it  
Should light upon a weaker sister of  
Its race, how it will torture the poor elf,  
'Tis thus in nature, with all baser minds,  
They show more selfishness as they recede  
From higher natures.

*Du.*— O, you heathen, base!  
This redman is an illused creature of  
Romance, with many noble upright traits.

*Carl*—Why man! Dear sir! We know this Indian  
Far better than you are aware. I could  
Enlighten you with one of these wild tales,  
Which doth outstrip romance. In Mexico,  
Where we are bound for now, there rests a sweet—

[*Enter Captain Crawford, with Geronimo and renegades, as prisoners.*]

*Crook*—Here comes my troop, with Cæsar of the plains,  
Meek as a lamb, to soon be bound in chains.

*C. Craw.*—Here stands Geronimo subdued at last,  
The most successful indian in the vast  
Unmeasur'd regions of the Golden West  
Sues at your feet for mercy, peace and rest;  
The great Sierra Madra raiding chief,  
By us has been ensnar'd and come to grief.

*Crook*—Geronimo, now do I see the last  
Of all your wicked Arizona raids.

*Ger.*—Whoop to you, mighty pale-faced chieftain, whoop!  
We want to know what kind of peace—or what  
Conditions we are to surrender on?

*Crook*—Is it for stipulations that you come?  
I've no conditions for to offer you.

*Ger.*—We want a big supply of rations, we  
Want ammunitions, and we want heap rest.

*Crook*—You shall have all the rest you want upon  
A modern gallows tree. I do intend  
To turn you o'er to civil laws, where you  
Shall have an opportunity to give  
An explanation of your past parade.

*Ger.*—(*aside*) Po whoo, old hunter Crook, when you get me  
In reach of civil law, just let me know.

*Crook*—You shall be tried in the civilian courts  
Of Arizona, and get justice, too.

*Ger.*—There is no justice in Arizona, chief.

*McS.*—You'd better turn the cut-throat o'er to flux  
A copper furnace. Yet I do believe  
He'd make the basest kind of slag. In him  
You could not find a trace—

*Crook*— McSweedon, you  
Are not a party to this council, sir.

*Ger.*—(*aside.*) If I had known I wasn't to get a new  
Supply of ammunition, I had seen  
You char'd before I would surrendered.  
Well, well, you army chiefs do lie as bad  
As Injin agent at San Carlos, and  
He'd lie a dark eclipse from off the moon;  
I do believe the mighty chieftain in  
The East, sends all his crooked talkers here,  
To treat with us. Well, I'll o'erbalance all  
Their lies with my sly traits of craftiness.  
(*Aloud.*) Say, mighty chief, I feel a sickness round  
My heart. I would retire, and slumber in  
My blankets, if it is your mighty will?  
Send me my good peon, Chipmonk. The great  
War Spirit moves me now to talk alone  
To Chipmonk, by your very strong warm tent.

*Crook*—I'm very glad to see you Apache braves  
So penitent.

[*Exit soldier to find Chipmonk.*]

*Du.*— Indeed, 'tis as I said,  
They are unique and model Indians these;  
True to the native wildness of the west.

[*Tarantulahawk approaches his chief, Geronimo.*]

*Ger.*—Tarantulahawk, keep from thy chieftain's sight,  
I have no further use for thee since thou  
Hath lost me the big brave stock-rancher's wife;  
I had once feasted on her looks before,  
And did make it a special point when first  
I started on this raid, to kill that brave  
And carry off his spouse for my own use.  
But thou sly, evil-minded chief did try  
To spill her blood, e'en when I cautioned thee  
To watch her close and keep her from all harm;  
Thou hast thus robbed thy chieftain of his joys.  
And then to make a worse botch of thy job,  
Without knowing whether she was dead or no,  
Thou hast permitted some mysterious brave

To pack the much-fought-over prize away;  
For this mishap, cave-darting trap-door chief,  
I now shall make thee peon of the tribe.

*Tar.*—Phoo, whoo, my mighty vain, big puffed-up chief,  
That fearful knife did pierce the very region of  
My breast, and nearly cleft my heart in two;  
Then would have died a worthier chieftain than  
Yourself. One who did hold the welfare of  
His tribe to be of more importance than  
His own ambitious greed for gold and gore.

*Carl*—Bad luck attend that worthless knife for not  
Going deeper in your breast, you savage hound;

You don't know me, you red contagion, ha!  
I sent a bullet whizzing by your ear.

*Tar.*—You white-faced buck would make a heap-good corpse.

*Carl*—I'd make a corpse? Right here your journey-ends.

[*Drawing a Colts 45 Cal. revolver from his pocket, he sticks the muzzle of it in Tarantulahawk's mouth.*]

Now, by the all-eternal powers above,  
You'll chaw upon the muzzle of this Colt's,  
And swallow bullets by the score, you whelp!

*All*—Knock that revolver from his hands!

Pluck—pull it from the red tarantula's mouth!

[*They pull the weapon from the Indian's mouth.*]

*Du*—For shame, Carl Manden, do forbear your wrath,  
You would not kill an unoffensive wretch  
Who can't discern his right hand from his left,  
I'll lay my word that poor original  
Has never kill'd a flea in all his life.

*McS.*—I'll bet he's eat a peck of greybacks though.

*Crook*—Carl Manden leave this fort immediately,  
On pain of death, if not before; and you  
McSweedon, take your walking papers, too.

*cS.*—Would you object, yar Generalship, if I  
(A banish'd outcast from this martial fry)  
When toss'd like wreckage on a rocky surge,

Should linger for a moment on the verge  
Of this old universal planet, where  
I breathe a foreign and more healthy air?

*Carl*.—Come on, *McSweedon*, we will take to horse.  
And o'er the nation's boundary quickly cross;  
Ere night has lower'd her gloomy mantle down,  
We'll camp beneath yon rugged mountain crown;  
Upon *Sonora's* interesting soil,  
To taste her hospitality awhile;  
And lay our cares upon her burning sod,  
Where one I love has ere this moment trod.

[*Exit Carl Manden.*]

*McS.*—Now for *Sonora*, *Sime*, and I will steer,  
And leave you and the other *Injins* here.

[*Exit McSweedon*]

*Tar.*—Ph-o! Ph-o! Poo! Whoo! When that old gun-  
barrel was  
Between my teeth. I thought my hunting days  
Were o'er. You mighty paleface chief ought to  
Protect us braves. We never did no harm.

*Ger.*—Phoo! Whoo! Tarantulahawk, you're whiter than  
The paleface chieftain's army here. You must  
Have been among the belching sulphur pits.

[*Enter Chipmonk.*—*Retire all but Ger. Tar. and Chip.*]

*Ger.*—*Chipmonk*, that white-haired, old stout buck you saw  
Was General Crook. Go slippery-snouted *Chip*,  
And noise around that all our tribe are drunk;  
And tell each of our braves for me, *Chipmonk*,  
That we intend to make a gallant move,  
That will the quickness of my actions prove  
This night, while all upon the border lay,  
Like worms in acorns neatly stow'd away;  
To wait the dawning of another day.  
We'll gather up the remnant of our band—  
The greatest warriors in this spacious land,  
Steal slyly from the paleface guarded lair  
To breathe the freedom of the balmy air,  
Which no authority can harness down,  
Nor claim as his domain, nor waste, nor wound.

And rounding up with dextrous caution then,  
The fleetest of our steeds, and truest men;  
We'll travel proudly to the South once more,  
A greater terror than we were before.

*Tar. (aside)*—There may you break your centipedian neck,  
So I can be the Chieftain of our sect,  
And rule the scattered, warlike Chiricahuas,  
Who now are forging o'r the plains to browse.

(*Exunt.*)

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SCENE II.

*The same. Enter all the Indians singing a drunken spring song.*

*All.*—Gather round and let us sing  
To the merry months of spring.  
Spring is coming forthwith now,  
See it bud on every bough;  
Soon their blossoms shall peep forth  
For to beautify the earth.  
Spring, thou art the time we love,  
For thou wakens every grove  
To the joyful song of birds;  
To the lowing of the herds;  
Spreads a freshness o'er the glade;  
Makes the trees throw deeper shade;  
Fills the air with fragrant smells;  
Createth honey in the cells  
Of the little modest flowers,  
To supply the tiny bowers  
Of the thrifting buzzing bee,  
Who doth fly so merrily;  
Raiseth in the tall mescal,  
That sweet juice we love so well.  
Now let's jump, and dance and sing,  
To our ancient tune of spring;  
So the pale-face chieftain shall  
Think we're filled with strong mescal.

(*Exunt.*)

SCENE III.

*The same at midnight. Geronimo and his braves are seen crawling off from Crook's Camp on their hands and knees.*

*Ger. (rising)*—Mexico is a lovely flower,  
And I'm the hero of the hour ;  
I've fool'd the troops of lenient whites,  
And now I'll forage for my rights,  
Like terror's messenger I'll go  
To scalp the braves of Mexico.  
So fly ye gallant bloods away,  
And cross the line before 'tis day.

*Tar. (rising)*—Old bruin now forsakes his home ;  
And thro' the darkest cañons roam.  
The lion from the mountain creep  
To gorge upon the rancher's sheep ;  
The owlet from her warm nest flies  
And to the Skunk's rank chamber hies ;  
Like skunk, like owl we'll speed away  
And cross the line before 'tis day.

*All.*—Now while the moon pales in the blue,  
And damps the nether vales with dew  
Our father's spirits roam abroad  
To lead us o'er the broken sod ;  
Let's follow where the spirits guide,  
And thro' the fewest thorns we ride.

*(Exunt.)*

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SCENE IV,

*[Norrian's Camp on the top of a high mountain in Sonora.]*

*[Norrian alone, looking out from a crag over the valley below.]*

*Nor.*—I wonder from whence comes that curling smoke,  
Which rises from so many coverts on  
The plain below ? 'Tis like those greasers must  
Be cold. They found it hot enough when last  
They closed with us ; we drove them from our camp  
With frightful slaughter, and then to evade  
A fresh attack (for we above all times

Should now endeavor to prevent a war  
With these ill-sorted knaves) have moved our camp  
As though we did retreat, till we command  
The top-most fastness of this batter'd crag,  
And now those rash Sonorans are elate ;  
They think they have us routed in defeat.  
And gather all their swarthy sons around  
The rugged mountain's base to shoot us down,  
Or lead us captive to a dungeon cell;  
Well, they may yet mistake the nature of  
Our movements, and their own. A man can't well  
Be executed till he's caught, and we  
May hold the fort till this old mountain melts.  
Of course they can soon starve us out, for food  
And water is not to be had for love  
Nor gold, (commodities, which happily we  
Do not possess,) but we have arms to rake  
This mountain till it quakes, and drive this swarm  
Back to their loathsome hives.

This war has kill'd

My purpose for a different raid, which I  
Had doted on. How strange fate works with me!  
I thought ere this to battle with Apache;  
But here I have war unsolicited,  
A little larger than I care to cope  
With, for I see they muster all the power  
The settlements can bring to their relief.  
See how those fires do blaze upon the plains!  
They spread and sweep around the mountain base,  
And lick the verdure from among the rocks—  
And now it strikes the timber, which, when once  
Ignited, burns like saturated wick.  
How quick it climbs toward us, crackling up  
The mountain side like roaring up a flue,  
And leaves the land behind it desolate.  
I see, the ranchers have just spread these fires  
To roast us into cinders on the mount;  
They know that fire will quickly climb a hill,  
Such being in unison with its natural laws.  
This is a danger I had not perceived—  
We may fight man, but not the elements;

This conflagration in its course will leave  
This peak a barren waste of ashes and  
Sterility.

[*Enter some of his men.*]

Boys, ere we are consumed,  
We have to charge us down the crags, break thro'  
The flames, and scatter these fierce wolves, or they  
Will cook us ere we find an outlet of  
Escape. We have two fires in front of us,  
The one dangerous, the other terrible!  
So bid the men prepare them for the charge.  
Now blood and fire will stain our path to-day,  
For liberty, which time won't wash away;  
And wise posterity will long deplore  
When all the perpetrators are no more.

[*Exunt.*]

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## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

[*Sonora, Mexico.*]

[*Enter McSweedon, driving Simon, his burro.*]

McS.—Wogh, Simon, wogh ! you lop-eared brazen rogue,  
Till I examine this formation here.  
There's granite, slate, hornblend and syenite,  
And porphyry, limestone, shale and quartzite.  
If that formation is not mix'd and crash'd,  
May I upon Oblivion's shore be dashed.  
Now by the geological signs that  
Upon this part of old creation bound,  
I am now troding on Sonora's sod.  
Here will I sit me down and meditate  
Upon the various mishaps of our trip,  
While Simon deigns to browse upon the green.  
My partner, Carl, he is most thoroughly stuck  
Upon that woman we saved from Apache,  
And heaven knows how many other men  
And wild rape-roving Indians have not  
Been stuck on her. She's caused more trouble on

This frontier waste than armies, border thieves  
And prowling redskins, all combined.  
Though innocent of it herself. The cause  
Is scarcity among the sect down here.  
It makes me smile to see the way we fooled  
The redskins, Dogbrains and old General Crook.  
They all suppose that girl is dead, the rogues,  
Whereas a fact, Carl Manden pack'd her off  
The field as tenderly as it she was  
A purse of chloride-gold. And on our way  
Towards Tucson (where we were bound) we met  
A famous doctor traveling south in state;  
He had a train of prairie schooners, which  
He journey'd in toward Ponchico springs,  
In Mex.co, accompanied by his wife  
And several of his friends. So Carl and I  
Consider'd that a lucky turn, and placed  
Her with those notables on pleasure bent;  
Resolved to shortly join them at the springs,  
From whence we would go prospect after gold ;  
Though Carl may prospect after, Jericho  
Knows what, since he is female strickenso.

[*Enter Carl Manden on horseback singing.*]

*Carl.*—I've wander'd south of wealth and toil,  
The symbol of our broad domain,  
Unto a freer, balmier soil,  
Where many desperate factions reign.

Where *greaser* bold and *gringo* fine  
Have long assum'd the perilous right  
To traffic on the border line,  
With Custom-house collectors fight.

Where servile peons pass the day  
In simple toil and rustic peace,  
And proud Castilian offsprings lay  
In feudal hermitage at ease.

Where love and passion ever swells,  
In fiery, vaunting Mexico;  
The land of fragrant, flowery dells,  
And rugged mountains capp'd with snow.

Where Montezuma's daughters young  
Bask 'neath the vine-leaves of their birth,  
And sing in that melodious tongue  
That wins the weary heart from earth.

I've seen their lustrous, black eyes shine  
With passion's fire and reckless loves;  
Their dark breasts heave like waves of wine,  
So strong their deep affection moves.

Sweet maidens of the western groves,  
Their smile doth sooth a life of care;  
It softens down our toils and woes,  
When lonely from the desert air.

To breathe the incense of their charms,  
Whose very looks speak of desire,  
One longs to rest within their arms,  
And cool the heart's inburning fire.

And in the chancels of this clime,  
A fairer mortal now does rest;  
One fated in the lapse of time  
To ring the pathos from my breast.

'Twas but a short decade ago  
My mind was free from such a love;  
Now when I feel a pang of woe,  
My thoughts, my soul to her do move.

Like a duck that's wounded on a lake,  
Whose waters chafe its bleeding breast;  
Doth soon the troubled deep forsake  
To reach the mossy banks to rest.

Thus, dearest, when the throbbing spring  
Of my dejected heart is sore,  
I flee from further wounds and cling  
To thee, my ocean's fruitful shore.

*McS.*—See Carl! Who seeks the noiseless solitude  
Of this lone mountain glen?

[*Enter Waccliff, a rustler.*]

'Tis one I knew  
Before. 'Tis Waccliff sure, Heavens bless you, boy!  
In what direction move you now?

*Wa.*— McSweedon,  
Old friend, extend to me your honest hand!  
And Manden, too! I'm glad to meet you here.

*Carl.*—Well, Waccliff, dear old fellow, how are you!  
I am so pleased to meet a former friend  
Among the verdure of a foreign clime.

*Wa.*—Your pleasure is no greater, sir, than mine.  
How goes the world? How fares it in the north?

*McS.*—'Tis bad, my friend, 'tis passing solemn. How moves  
The mescal regions of old Mexico?

*Wa.*—Well Mc., the social part that I'm destined  
To play, is interesting to my mind.  
I joined with a progressive wayward band,  
Who deal in livestock of a doubtful brand;  
And now are driving Arizonaward,  
Some beeves we captured from a greaser herd;  
Or, sooth, we were at least some days ago,  
Since then I've skirmish'd mount and valley low,  
For Norrian was attack'd by ranchers, who  
Lost at his hands the stock they now pursue.  
I had departed ere that fight began  
To find the trails the customhouses span;  
To spy which mountain route the marshals guard;  
You know, to beat those officers, is hard,  
When last we crossed the garners of the duty,  
Risk'd life and limb to seize our plunder'd booty.  
Those men are venturesome they'll brave and dare  
A seige that would a goodly army scare.  
No knights of old ere guarded castle gate  
More courageously than those collectors wait  
Upon the passes of the rough frontier,  
To seize the counterband of mountaineer.  
So I have skirmished for to find their lair,  
That we might pass their quarters unaware.

*McS.*—O, dangerous, dangerous is thy calling boy,  
Thy life to such bold ventures gi'en employ,  
Will all thy better, nobler parts destroy.  
Break off, break off, and follow thy old ways,  
As thou and I have done in former days.  
Come with us now, we're on the road to wealth.

*Wa.*—No, Mc, I can't, I'm duty bound to stealth,  
I would not leave companions in distress,  
For all the favors that the world could press  
Upon my head. If Congress passed a bill  
To lay that Union subject to my will,  
I'd not, when in distress, forsake a man—  
So now I seek the stronghold of my clan.  
But what said'st thou of matters in the North?

*McS.*—O, murder was the news when we set forth,  
Some of our friends by redskins have been slain.

*Wa.*—What, are the scalpers on their raids again?

*McS.*—Yea! And towards these very parts they come,  
With power enough to strike the native dumb;  
Geronimo, since last you knew that chief,  
Had like to been ensnar'd and come to grief;  
And would have had his lasting genius hid  
If 'twere not for his enemies, who did  
Their diplomatic tactics overrate.  
The savage has performed such deeds of late,  
Such cruel, brutal, filthy depredations,  
That he has spread disgust thro' all the nations.  
Since that he left his camp on Gila slope,  
He's felt the threat'ning shadow of a rope ;  
And might have had it 'neath his desp'rat chin,  
But that he fool'd the powers who run him in;  
A party sent by Ajax (General Crook)  
Surrounded him upon a craggy nook,  
And held him fast within their iron claws,  
From whence they'd turn him o'er to civil laws.  
But in the dreary watches of the night  
Geronimo and band did take to flight;  
And wonder'd proudly to the South once more,  
A greater cut-throat than he was before.  
And now he doth direct his warlike force  
Toward us, on his Sierra Madra course;  
And o'er these mountains will he speed along,  
Destroying all the mortals of the wrong  
Complexion, whom he chance upon—for might  
With Ind's, as well as other folks, is right.

*Wa.*—Well, let him come! And should he meet with us  
He may get *salivated* thro' with lead;  
I now go hunt my camp. My friends, farewell.

*McS.*—Well, lets depart like Brutus and Cassius  
On that awful morn at Philippi. But  
To hope that history won't be repeated in  
This instance, and that we will meet  
Again and smile. So now, my friend, I  
Bid you a farewell.

*Wa.*—My best wishes go with you both, *Adios.*

*Carl*—

*Adieu.*

[*Exunt severally.*]

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SCENE II.

[*The Mountains in Sonora. — Enter Hon. Dubrans and four soldiers.*]

*1st Sol.*—We've been dispatch'd by the commander of  
Our company to ride to yonder peak,  
And take our station on the topmost crag;  
And signal back what indications we  
Have seen, and how the country lays to south.

*2d Sol.*—Our captain, though, had no idea how deep  
And perilous lay this rocky gorge, or he  
Would have considered well the dangers run  
Ere he had ordered out so small a troop.  
We've traveled miles into this box'd ravine,  
Which closes round us like an Indian's trap  
To cut off every outlet of escape,  
Should we be set upon by savages.

*1st Sol.*—I fancy we will find a trail ere long,  
By which we can ascend the rocky cliff.

*Du.*—Why, soldiers have no fear of Indians,  
I know they would not injure one of us.

*2d Sol.*—You know a little less than nothing of  
These Indians, Dubrans, and if you had  
Been wise you never would have ventured with  
This troop; it is not bravery, but sheer

Stupidity that makes you run such risks.  
A man to cope with these Apache curs  
Must be as wily as themselves. It was  
A cunning, unexpected dash like this  
Enabled brave Carl Manden to perform  
That noble deed of rescue which surpris'd  
The natives so. He had the caution of  
A presidential candidate, and all  
The daring of a lion after prey.

*3d Sol.*—Here are fresh Indian Signs.

*2d Sol.*— That's what they are.  
See this imprint among this loco weed,  
It has been made by Indian pony's hoof  
Not more'n an hour ago. That moccasin track  
Is fresh as Dudebrains after Indians.

*Du.*—I have no fear of these poor Indians.

*2d Sol.*—You are a fool. I have spent many years  
Upon the trail, and know what I'm about.  
We must retreat from here immediately,  
Or we are doom'd. You see each of the rocks  
And shrubs may now conceal an Indian.  
When nature in her wild convulsions tore  
Away this canyons sides, depositing  
These mighty boulders on its silver'd sands,  
She seemed to have contrived it purposely  
To make a stronghold for the warlike tribes  
Who have for centuries combin'd their strength  
And fury to impede progressive life.

[*A shot is fired from behind a rock which kills one of the soldiers. Simultaneously an Indian's head pops up from behind every rock and bush, shooting at the soldiers. After the first volley, the Indians, led on by Geronimo, rush in and surround the soldiers, shouting their war-whoop as they come. Three of the soldiers had been killed in the first volley, whom the Indians commence to scalp. Dubrans had escaped scot-free of the bullets so they take him a prisoner. Tarantulahawk holding him by the back of the neck.*]

*Du.*—O, soldiers, save me! Save me! What's the good  
Of military escort, if they can't  
Protect one from being killed.

[*The Indians press on, 2d soldier (who has been fighting all the while) to take him a prisoner, but he beats the brains out of two of them with his 45 revolver.*]

2d. Sol.—Come on, you red-faced devils, come! I'll smash  
Enough of you beneath my feet to build  
A barracks to repel the rest.—Take that!

[*He downs another of the Indians, while another of them comes up behind him and gives him a mortal blow on the back of the neck with the blade of a hatchet, and another of them runs a stelletto through his body. Tarantulahawk gives Dubrans a shaking up, holding him by the collar.*]

Ta.—Whoo, choo! You slim-faced white, we got you now.

Du.—Be easy, my good Indian, and I'll pray  
For you.

Ger.— Whoop buck! We'll prey upon your meat.  
Tarantulahawk, you pack him off to yon  
Tall oak, and dig a hole and stick him in  
The ground up to his chin.

[*They dig a hole beneath an oak, and place Dubrans in it.*]

Now bend you down  
A supple limb, and tie his hair unto the branch.

Ta.—Big chief, the pale-face has no hair,  
The top part of his head is bald.

Ger.— Well, well,  
These ball-headed agents from the East all lie  
And steal. Tarantulahawk, you cut a strip  
Of buck-skin from your long gee-string, and make  
A slit thro' both his ears, and fasten them  
Unto the bended branch with that good thong.

Ta.—I hate to shorten up my gee-string chief,  
You know I had to rustle hard to get  
The buckdeer's hide to make it from. I scalped  
The Mexican while he was tanning it.

Ger.—You don't need much gee-string upon your front,  
As pale-face says "three-inch" is long enough  
For you. Now there is our old neighbor chief,  
Eskiminzen, he's had so many wives,  
It makes him need a gee-string to his knees.

[*They tie Dubran's ears to a limb with the thong.*]

Do you know Nachez, that it is a fact  
That all the no-hair'd men who come from the  
Big Father in the East to deal with us  
Are rogues. When we were in the pale-face camp,  
I heard one of their chieftains say that the  
Huachuca mountains head was bald as one  
Bill Nye's. I s'pose by that, this Nye must be  
The smartest of his tribe to tell a lie.  
Tarantula, have you got his head made fast?

*Ta.*—As solid as a jack-ass rabbit in a snare.

*Ger.*—Well, now, ye chieftains all take heed,  
I'll bet my finest blanket on the buck  
Who puts the most cold bullets thro' his neck  
At fifty paces from the slender mark,  
Without a miss, or shooting thro' the head;  
For I would not disfigure his long face.  
I'll bet this blanket that I stole from out  
The tent of General Crook, upon the chief  
Who does the shooting as I have laid down.

[*They all stand off and shoot at Dubrans' neck.—Curtain.*]

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SCENE III.

[*Midnight at Norrian's Camp in Sonora.—Enter Norrian.*]

*Nor.*—How beautiful and calm the scene to-night,  
How soft and tender are the stars' pale light,  
How sweetly to wild notes the rivulet rhymes,  
The freshest hour in all these southern climes,  
Is this—the midnight hour, when all that grows  
Doth glide into a mild and cool repose,  
To rest them from the labor of the day  
Till morn return each to his work or play.  
The slumber rests on everything complete,  
Inanimate as well as animate;  
Save where the little crystal streamlet creep  
Adown its bed to make the verdure weep;  
Save where a coyote barks his grief afar,  
And eyes askance our implements of war;  
Save where a rabbit sits beside his cave,

And smiles to hear that subtle coyote rave,  
And I must watch with these, the midnight hour,  
Since we have broke the gathering ranchers' power,  
And she who was the cause of all my woes,  
Has fallen captive to our dreaded foes;  
I have not slept, nor breath'd, nor lived —  
O, heaven, with what fierce pangs my heart is rived!  
These Mexicans will rally for attack  
With all their armies' force, a swarthy pack,  
And foes from every side will on our back;  
I have the world for enemy right now.

[*Shots are fired.*]

I have no friend. A pistol shot! Where? How?

[*Pulling his revolver.*]

A friend!—You are my friend, my forty-five,  
I hold you up to heaven and bless you now.

[*Enter Phil, Pennsylvanian, New Yorker and others of their Company firing at a coyote.*]

N. Y.—Now, Penn, that was a truly horrid gash  
Your bullet made between his carrion ribs.

Pen.—I've seen you make worse shots than that ere now.

Phil.—I think that Waccliff's coming up the gorge,  
He has been hailed by our outpost on guard.

[*Enter Waccliff.*]

Nor.—Hello! Here is the wanderer returned,  
Where have you been so long?

Wa.— Well happy met!  
I thought I'd never find your camp again,  
You've made some lively moves since I've been gone.

Nor.—You know we've had a desperate battle with  
The Mexican vaqueros, who attack'd  
Us to recover some fat beeves they lost;  
We beat them once and then they penn'd us on  
A mountain top, and started fires that roar'd  
Up thro' the seasoned groves like fiery hell.  
We stood there hounded like rank vermin, on  
A little isle surrounded by the flames,  
Until we were about to be immersed;

And then we rushed into the glowing heat  
That singed the hair from off our heads, and scorch'd  
And parched our flesh until we writh'd with pain,  
But still we waded thro' the tongues of flame,  
And splash'd them from our limbs like waves of sea;  
Some fell o'erpowered, and some were crushed beneath  
The trunks of falling trees; but still the brave  
Plunged on, and clear'd the flames, to fall upon  
The rifles of our human foes; and such  
A battle then ensued as mortal man  
Had never seen before. We fought for life,  
And they did fight for mere existence, too;  
It was a siege where man cast off the robes  
Which years of civilization had put on  
And fought with mere instinct. They, caught in their  
Own trap, were weeded off—no matter how—  
A man don't loose much when he parts with life,  
As he can't live forever anyway;  
And while he lives he has a month of grief  
To every hour of joy.—Life, life! Where is  
The boon thou gives!

*Wa.*— You kill'd them all then?

*Nor.*— I  
Believe there were but few escaped, and they  
Have gone to rouse their countrymen to 'venge  
Their wrongs; and soon we may expect the whole  
Triangular Republic hounding us  
With lead.

*Wa.*—How many of our men were killed?

*Nor.*—We lost a few—they must have suffer'd to  
A great extent—I won't begin to say.  
What news have you from regions of the north?

*Wa.*—I met prospectors on the Madra slope,  
Who did report Geronimo comes down  
This way, and Parolenus' wife was killed.

*Nor.*—O, murder! Dead?

*Wa.*— Quite true. Well pards, I am  
As hungry as a coyote. How are you  
Supplied for grub?

*Phil*— You'll find some venison in  
The crotch of yon tall oak, and plenty bread  
There in the dutchoven by the fire.

*Nor.*—Wacliff, come over here and eat your lunch,  
Sit down beside me on this mesquite stump,  
And tell me all you know of that affair.

[*Norrian and Wacliff sit down and talk apart.*]

*N. Y.*—Well, boys, suppose we take a respite from  
This occupation, which is souring with  
My constitution, and discourse awhile  
On something more congenial to our taste.

*Phil.*—Let me relate my last experience in  
A lion hunting trip I made upon  
The Rio Verde in the Mogallons.  
I owned a mountain-climbing mule, on which,  
Accompanied with a pack of scenter hounds,  
I tracked the nightly-prowler to his lair ;  
We soon compell'd the beast to climb a tree,  
Where he ran out upon a lofty branch  
More than a hundred feet from ground. I pull'd  
My gun; but boys, before that powder burned  
Halfway within the cartridge shell, that old  
Cat-fashioned lion sprung, and lit upon  
The nape part of my neck.—The rock of ages  
Cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee—  
We rolled and claw'd the ground; the hounds lay to  
His flanks, and o'er the precipice we plunged.  
Down, down, towards the tearing Verde sea !  
Just as we neared the water's edge, (which was  
Ten fathoms deep) the lion sunk his claws  
Into the perpendicular rock ; I grabb'd  
His tail just as he leaped into a cave,  
Which entered from the cliff, just o'er the stream;  
And of whose whereabouts he seemed to be  
Familiar. He soon dragg'd me far beneath  
The mountain side, where all was dark as pitch;  
I loosed my hold and fell exhausted on  
The rocky floor, and worn out, swoon'd away.  
When consciousness returned I gain'd my feet,  
And groped around to find the cavern's mouth;

I wander'd through the darkness for perhaps  
A mile before I got a glimpse of light;  
I hurried where the glorious rays let fall  
A somber, pinkish clearness down a hall,  
The most magnificent was ever seen.  
The light came from above; not open to  
The day; but through red-tinted crystallized  
Transparent lime, or silica, about  
A thousand feet above. And from the walls  
Depended grand stalactites all the way  
From where the daylight entered to the floor.  
These huge stalactites were entwined with wires  
Of precious gold, and diamonds sparkled from  
Among the many-colored gems which form'd  
A boundary to this cone-shaped chamber where  
I stood. The rays of light pierced through the pure  
Transparent gems and broad stalactites in  
Bright shades diversified enough to make  
One's eyesight reel. The cavern floor was strewn  
With precious stones and gold and silver ore.  
And scattered with this pile of natural wealth  
Were tools and implements belonging to  
A vanish'd race. No words of mine could half  
Describe the grandeur of this wonderous cave;  
And I might have been standing gazing still,  
Were not my eyes attracted to two balls  
Of burning fire, which from the darkness came;  
They came towards me, and I knew to stand  
Within the light meant death, so for the shade,  
(As unborn jerms shrink from the glare of day,)  
I bounded for my life; but those two balls  
Were bounding at my heels—A lion now!  
I felt his warm breath on my cheek, and raised  
My hand to parry a blow. When lo, the beast  
Jump'd in my face and bore me to the floor.

*N. Y.*—O Philip! Did you die right there?

*Pen.*—

Come off,

New Yorker, don't you interrupt him while  
He tells his tale. Go on friend Phil, before  
I faint. I'm dying now to know if you  
Were eaten there alive or not.

*Phil.*— Look here,  
The next time I recount historic facts  
To you, I'll die within the cave before  
I'll let you know whether I came out or not.  
Well, that old lion was my choicest hound,  
Who sniff'd his way within the winding cave,  
And led me out along a passage known  
To none but him and I.

*Nor.*—(*Coming forward*)—O, say no more about it, pray!  
I do beseech you, Waccliff, say no more,  
The time has passed when grief is news to me.

*N. Y.*—I camp'd upon the Sierra Anchas once,  
That was some years ago, when I came west;  
It was an arborous looking spot whereon  
I pitch'd my camp—I named it "Reptile Ranch."  
I was considerably fatigued, and spread  
My blankets on the ground to have a snooze;  
But ere I closed my eyes in peaceful sleep,  
The crawling beasts around destroyed my quiet;  
I rose and looked around, and there behold,  
I lay upon a vermish reptile farm.  
At least a *fête champêtre* of *Horridums*;  
For such a hideous place for rattlesnakes  
And venomous spiders, and death-hissing vipers,  
That beat the furies; for they danced, made love,  
Ran, fought and played in wild hilarity.  
I gathered up my blankets then and made  
Them in a sack, which I suspended to  
A branch of a huge oak, and then crawl'd in  
As a tarantula slides into his trap,  
When closely set upon by deadly hawk;  
Thus did I climb, and from the turret of  
My now suspended castle, did review  
My neighbors of the reptile world. In close  
Embrace, two spoony centipedes made love  
Beneath a trembling canopy of wild,  
Ripe Arizona grapes, whose vine did cling  
In amorous fondness to a walnut sprig.  
A Gila-monster, (*Heloderma*) sit  
Majestically on a tinsel'd porphyry throne,  
And seem'd to be the judging umpire for

Two lusty-claw'd tarantulas, who engaged  
Each other in a siege of war, and fought  
It to a finish; that is, till only part  
Of one tarantula was left. Then rose  
The *Heloderma* for to act his part,  
As really should become a king—for know  
That reigning monarchs always have done so—  
Came down from off his regal throne, and eat  
The remnants that were left from that unwise,  
(And rather to the brutes engaged therein,  
Like other duels are) unprofitable duel.  
A little further off a rattlesnake  
Had rounded up a family of hornfrogs  
Which he did then digest with all the ease  
A Vanderbilt or Gould would gobble up  
The profits of a railway line, to swell  
Their avaricious purse.

A scorpion with  
His venom'd tail did saturate the blood  
Of a poor cricket, whom, I have no doubt  
Made quite a dainty meal. Besides these were  
A score of reptiles in a whirling dance;  
So I coiled softly down within my sack,  
And there, rocked by the gentle breeze, and charm'd  
By ribald vermin music, closed my lids  
Until my thoughts stole off, and scatter'd down  
The mountain side to other climes and scenes,  
To pleasant dreams and slumbers soft and sweet.

*Pen.*—Now, Waccliff, your turn next, come sing a song.  
About that young Castillian damsel that  
You stole from the old *Ranchero*. The one  
Who fled with you along the mountain trail,  
While her ag'd *padre* canter'd hard behind,  
With his old Revolutionary gun;  
A musket that'd been lost in Mexico  
By General Winfield Scott. Delightful nymph,  
To be thy lone companion in the woods.

*Wa.*—Well you can never have the joy to share  
That lone companionship; despair o'er that;  
When I go girling boy, I go not like  
The candidate for office, lauding his  
Rich talents for the same, but go to win.

*Pen.*—Well, rouse thee, Cliff, and string thy tuneful lyre,  
As some old ancient poetizer said:  
“Come ho! and wake Diana with a song,”  
And blast the coyote’s ears with sounds of music.

*Phil.*—I’m d—d if here is not a man reads poetry!  
No wonder we are victims of ill-luck.

*Pen.*—Well, this is from no modern poet. I tell  
You this was written many years ago.

*Phil.*—As long as its not from the poets of  
The present day, you may go free; but if  
It had been written by the modern school  
We’d hang you on a cypress tree to cool.

*All*—Wacliff, give us the song!

*All*—Song!

*All*—Song!

*Wa.*—As I was ariding by Castelo’s ranch,  
I espied wading out in a cool-flowing branch  
A young *Señorita* of angelic charm,  
A plucking pond-lilies to bring to the farm.  
The Castelo’s daughter in her I espy,  
I knew by the glances of love in her eye;  
I saw from the fire those lashes let fall  
She was the young dame I had met at a ball.  
How charming she look’d as she breasted the flood,  
To pluck from its stamen the pale dripping bud;  
Her eyes were so bright, and her form was so neat  
That she won my whole heart with a rapture complete,  
There never was nymph from the deep billows sprung  
Could charm the wan heart like this Castillian young,  
As she rais’d and revealed just the daintiest glance  
Of a round, dimpled ankle would passion enhance,  
’Neath a skirt that conceal’d all in mist like a cloud,  
And raised to her lips, red with blood and as proud  
A blushing white lily just panting with bloom;  
And kissed and caress’d it and drank its perfume,  
Then I drew up beside her and bowed to the fair  
And gathered some lilies to twine in her hair;  
Then led her to land on the banks of the stream,  
And filled her young heart with a love-laded theme.

I avow it was rash the song that I used,  
But the time and the place will permit its excuse.  
“O, sweet *Señorita*, my love won't you come  
With me to the north, to my far-away home,  
That was built by my sires in a nook by the sea,  
To the halls of my ancestors now let us flee;  
They still have such tender attractions for me  
That I know they'll be delicate, loving to thee.  
O leave this hot clime and its license behind,  
And ascend the steep trail, o'er the lava range wind;  
You will never know sorrow, nor grief, but be free  
In an ead in the north, with true love and with me.  
Don't wait to consider what chance may befall  
Such a rash unpremeditated action at all;  
But know I have crossed o'er the desert for you  
Whose charms do revive me as floweret by dew.  
O, dissolve in my heart, like the dew on the rose  
And I'd fly to a nook of perpetual repose.”  
The words from my heart were thus utter'd so mild  
That her tender young soul from its home was beguil'd,  
And was fated to follow the bleak trail along,  
The fairest of mortals in fiction or song.  
Then she moved to a grove where a fleet pony stood,  
'Neath a vine-woven shade in the fringe of the wood;  
I raised her lithe form and I swung her the rein,  
And without more ado we jog'd off to the plain;  
While the *peons* did rally our flight to prevent,  
But on their thick pates my good forty-five went  
With a dextrous crash, till a passage was made,  
Then I carried my love to a far mountain glade;  
While the vassals did mount on the rancho below,  
And her Castillian *padre* in hysterics did go.  
We flew for protection to far-away hills  
Where no human before us had drank from its rills,  
Nor gazed on the wildness that dawned on our sight  
To shield us rash lovers from harm on our flight;  
And our warm bridal couching was tenderly spread  
On a tuft of dried leaves from a brown bears bed.  
Last year it gave ease to old bruin, his wife  
And his cubs for to wrangle in pleasure and strife;  
But now 'twas resign'd to a nestling of doves,  
It sheltered the sweetest of all human loves.

Her journey since then would be grievous to tell,  
But I now have her safely protected and well.—[*Exunt.*]

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SCENE IV.

*Another part of the mountains in Sonora.—Enter McSweedon running, the Indians shooting after him; he gets behind a clump of bushes and hides himself, while the Indians go on after other game.*

*McS.*—(*Advancing and feeling his head.*)  
I do believe now that my scalp is on!  
But why it was not clip'd from off my crown  
Is to be wandered at. For whilst I lay  
At rest upon the turret of a fort  
Of Aztec antiquity, to while away the hours,  
For not till Sol hides in the western bowers,  
And wraps the plains in mantles of the night,  
Should I from off the battlements alight.  
Well, whilst I lay, my mind alert attentive,  
In musings, watchful, wild and plaintive;  
And Simon brows'd upon the moisten'd green  
Fresh verdure of a little placid stream,  
Like gophers driven by the flaunting snow  
To leave their excavated palaces below,  
And mount the flaky summits of the storm,  
And on the whited crystals crouch their form;  
Thus restless pass the dreary winter's day,  
In fear lest some sly foe upon them prey.  
Thus did old Sime and I the time beguile;  
When lo! The Inj! The villainous savage Inj!  
Came tearing on me from the mountain fringe,  
The red Geronimo and all his file;  
Toward my fortress swung themselves along  
In awful war-paint o'er a hundred strong;  
Straight bent on slaughter came the savage whelps,  
With brandish'd rifles and hyena yelps,  
Which made me quickly from the fortress climb,  
Take to the hills in powder-bursting time.  
I once did count my movements quick as light,  
When from exploding blast I took to flight,

And saved me from the dynamite's quick shock  
That would have smash'd my head with tons of rock;  
But now I've beat that record leaving lead,  
For I have faster than the bullets sped.

[*Enter Carl Manden*]

*Carl*—Hello, old pard, what's up? I thought you had  
Camp'd for the day upon that ancient fort,  
Have you lost Simon too?

*McS.*— O, Simon, ho!

[*Indians shooting in the aistance.*]

If them bug-eaters of San Carlos dare  
To kill my precious Simon, Carl, I hope  
That cramps and hydrophobia now may  
On their unfumigated entrails prey.

[*More Shooting.*]

Shoot, shoot! you bug-devouring reptiles, shoot!  
Go bang, you red-concocted scalpers, bang!  
Sometimes, though, Carl, I sympathize with these  
Here red-*chingcows*. There seems to be a vein  
Of pure original wit beneath their pelt;  
For they have gone and raised the scalp of that  
Short-sighted Dudlebrains from Washington,  
Yea, and they cut his head off with the scalp,  
And hanged it from the dangling branches of  
A greenwood tree. I touch'd it with the end  
Of this carrajo pole, as I astride  
Of Simon, road beneath. Well, well, he was  
About to start a Sunday-school among  
The harmless redmen, and would teach the chief  
Geronimo to say his prayers, learn  
His concubines to cook and other things.  
The Honorable was a philanthropist,  
And here, my greatness, a misanthropist;  
I'll bet if all the facts were known, that same  
Psalm-sounding pious teacher, Dudlebrains  
Was nothing more nor less, nor up nor down  
Than simply an every day horse-thief.

*Carl*—I wonder what part of the State this is?

*McS.*—I think we must be near Ponchico springs.

*Carl*—It would be a queer coincidence if those  
Blood-thirsty redskins would attack that ranch,  
Lets make all speed and find that place before  
We be the witness of more tragedies.

*McS.*—You're shouting, Carl. Lets head the Injins off,  
For we can out-tragedy tragedies.

[*Exunt.*]

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SCENE V.

[*Enter Geronimo and braves.*]

*Ger.*—Haste on my lusty braves, there's joy in store  
For thou and thy big chief forever more;  
Hearst thou the news which gaunt Wormsucker brings?  
The pale-face squaw is at Ponchico springs;  
The one we fought and risked so much to own,  
Is growing lusty on that temper'd cone;  
'Tis but a horse run from this spot to where  
She rests, with few to guard the shelter'd lair.  
I'll have her and I'd like to see the foe  
Who dares regain my prize in Mexico!  
Now, chieftains, all do thy best work to gain  
This fairy goddess of the Gila plain;  
And when I have her fast as my own spouse,  
My tribe shall fatten on her breeding cows.  
Whoop up! Away towards Ponchico springs,  
Surround the Rancheria to which she clings,  
Shoot down the sentinels, fire what all will burn,  
And with the captive to the north return.  
I've pray'd to *Chigo-na-ay*, *Topida*  
And *Yandestan* to bring me where she lay.  
Now, by those powers (the sun, the dawn, the sky)  
She will ere darkness to my wish comply;

*All.*—Now we dash, without bein' seen,  
Down Ponchico broad ravine;  
Where upon the Gringos light,  
Like the shadows of the night,  
Darkness will be spread afar  
When we close in deadly war.  
Pale-face, pale-face, now beware,  
Ere we raise your tender hair!

Whoop, whoo, haw ! Away with speed,  
Make our fading victims bleed.

*Chigo-na-ay, Yandestan,  
Down the Yaga-laga-yan!*

*Beating the ground with their weapons, dancing, and their gee-strings (breech-clothes) flying around their legs, they start to sack the camp and carry off the prize.*

[*Exunt.*]

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

[*Norrian's Camp overlooking Ponchico Springs—Enter Norrian.*]

*Nor.*—In this rare revolutionary land:  
A person ne'er can estimate what fate  
May roll across his plunging pathway next;  
There, in that arbor-shaded nook,  
Where peace and recreation proudly sway,  
Rests that great love-creating woman, whom  
I threw away my peace on earth to gain;  
I've changed since then. My hard knocks with the world,  
Will make me deal more summarily than  
When last I pleaded at her visored heart.  
I love her passionately, fondly still,  
But far more brutishly, I vow, than then;  
So henceforth, all polite and sensitive  
Emotions shall be notably abridged.  
In place of hesitating with the fear  
That she might think my wooing too abrupt,  
As was my custom in such nice affairs,  
I'll just swoop smoothly down and sack that camp,  
Convey her to Sierra Madra brow;  
And there set up an empire of my own,  
And win subsistence from the ranchers on  
The plains below. Then the authorities  
Of both Republics can come on with all  
The force known to a flow of glaciers bound  
Toward the end of gravity. And they  
Shall find a man will do some coming on  
Himself. I never have retreated yet.

Though see with what great odds I had to cope,  
I know that nature gave to me some power,  
Which I have only used to wreck the hopes  
Of others; not to elevate myself;  
If wrecking hopes was destined for my doom.  
Then some now smile whose destiny is gloom.

[*Enter Waccliff hastily.*]

*Wa.*— Rise Norrian! Prepare thee for a fray!  
Red savages are riding down this way,  
Apache marauders through the cactus creep,  
And down the broad ravine they howl and leap.  
The rocks and shrubs conceal the renegade,  
Who by the hundred dashes down the glade  
To pluck that jewel we had counted on;  
Who now with us, will both be overrun,  
Ponchico springs are now being set on fire,  
And that fair prize is doomed to their desire,  
And we, outnumbered, will be crush'd to dust.

*Nor.*—Whate're their numbers are, resist we must,  
Let them come on with all the force they wreak,  
Since such the prize, they are the foes I seek;  
If they expect to reap a harvest rich  
From yonder camp, and our war-traps—for which  
Far greater force than they have tried in vain  
To seize, and carry captive from the plain;  
Remember, ere they pluck them hence, I swear!  
That they shall pay a price, fates judge how dear.

[*Exit.*]

*Wa.*—How quickly to his arms and steed he flew,  
This action fans his smoldering fire anew;  
And now he does the nerviest troop array,  
That rests upon Sonora's soil to-day.

[*Re-enter Norrian and his followers preparing for war.*]

*Nor.*—My worthy friends and followers,  
Yon is Geronimo and curs,  
There at his beck and call you see  
A hundred well-equipp'd and free  
Stout lusty renegades, who dare  
The troops of two Republics scare,  
Whose vilest deeds, if rightly told,

Would even terrorize the bold.  
Sly, cruel, pitiless and vain;  
They will depopulate the plain,  
Unless we teach a lesson here,  
Will strike their offsprings down with fear  
When they recite it centuries hence,  
As pleaders in their sires defense;  
They give no quarters to the wretch,  
Whom they as prisoners may catch;  
But those they fail to seize upon,  
(Though sands of life may be outrun,  
And death along their pathway lurk  
To fetch his last triumphant work  
Into the silent caves of rest,)  
May well consider themselves blest;  
Therefore the quickest way's the best  
For us to greet this raiding pest,  
With flying embassy of lead,  
And make them good Apaches dead.  
So man your arms! Your lives are dear!  
Let's teach them redskins how to fear  
The bullets that those guns can throw  
Into this centipedian foe.

[*The Indians open fire on them from all directions, they being concealed behind the rocks and bushes.—Where Norrian and band are located they have no shelter from the Indian's bullets, so they make a raid on the red-skins.*—*Exunt shooting.*

*Another part of the same.—Enter Phil wounded.*

*Phil.*—And now the belching rifles blaze  
O'er wildest fury and amaze  
The Indians around us close  
With onslaught of avenging foes;  
By tree and shrub they gallop o'er,  
From every rock their bullets pour;  
We fought them down Ponchico wall,  
Whose people were the first to fall;  
We push'd their slayers in the fire  
And watched them with the dead expire,  
Though all our comrades now do bleed,  
There's no retreating, no recede.  
Though ten to one the Indians rank,  
They cannot turn our outmost flank,

For not a rustler in the strife  
Would quit the field to save his life.  
Our frontier riflemen are those  
Who never run from any foes ;  
And where the fiercest war doth rage,  
There Norrian the foeman wage,  
Compels them either to retreat  
Or leave their carcass at his feet.  
Such is the power our leader shows,  
When fairly pitched against his foes,  
That Indians tremble at his sight,  
And spread like blood-hounds put to flight,  
He rides them down as grim as death,  
And seems to breathe enchanted breath ;  
Alas, his ranks are fading thin,  
As one by one they now give in.

[*Shooting continued.*]

So while I feel some strength remain  
I'll to this doubtful fight again.

[*Exit.*]

[*Another part of the field.—Enter Chipmonk running, and takes shelter behind a cactus.*]

*Chip.*—Boo, whoo, while walking through an open place,  
Tarantulahawk's thick brains flew in my face  
As they sped with the bullets on the breeze  
To spatter o'er more than a dozen trees.  
There lay his skull top thoroughly riddled through,  
Near by the bulk of Mescal-eater Juh ;  
And many more of our disheartened band  
Have bit, and claw'd, in death, the arid sand.  
Geronimo finds this sharp fire too hot ;  
'Tis not the field his chieftainship had sought ;  
He calls the remnant of his tribe away,  
And leaves the whites the victors of the day.

[*Exit.*]

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SCENE II.

[*Enter Geronimo and band, retreating from the field of battle and bound for their reservation in Arizona.*]

*Ger.*—Come on, my tribe, I'm through with Mexico.  
(They've raised a foreign band to overthrow

Thy valerous chieftain in his very prime.)  
I leave her now for all—eternal time,  
And *her*—the rancher's wife I hoped to gain,  
I leave her free to scamper o'er the plain.  
She caused this wreck. As prophet Chato said :  
"You'll suffer if you chase that pale-face maid."  
They don't produce material on the soil  
To make the great Dominga's son recoil;  
But they have raised that which by far is worse,  
Some Arizona thieves to be my curse;  
Henceforth, I shall from Mexico avaunt,  
As long as thieving time allows me pant;  
My champing charger never shall withstand  
Another raid within this Aztec land,  
The home of refugees and centipedes,  
Horntoads, tarantulas and poison-weeds;  
Poor liquor, famine, revolution,  
And all that wrecks the constitution.

(*Exunt.*)

SCENE III.

*Bancroft Library*

[*Another part of the same—Enter Waccliff.*]

*Wa.*—The Indians now retreat from cliff to peak,  
Geronimo and braves do howl and shriek,  
And fly towards the north for life and death,  
They'll never stop to pant or draw a breath  
Until their bulging eyes in safety shine,  
Upon familiar scenes beyond the line.

[*Enter Norrian on horseback.*]

*Nor.*—Where art thou, Waccliff, doth thou still survive?  
The sight has faded from my drooping eyes,  
And death has wrapped his arms about my heart,  
Where all lies chill'd and froze.

[*He falls from his horse (Waccliff catching him in his arms) and dies. Waccliff walks around looking for his friends and then speaks.*]

*Wa.*—O, such a fight did mortal ever see!  
I fear my brave companions all are dead,  
And I am near eternity myself.

The blood from several wounds do clog my breath.  
Art they all slain? What? Nothing here but death!  
My God, art all my valiant comrades slain!  
And I alone upon this ghastly plain?  
See what a havoc partial death has wrought  
In one short day upon this gory spot.  
Sleep Norrian! Far from thy fathers, sleep!  
Around thy tomb wolves nightly vigils keep;  
Now all thy actions in this land must rest,  
And moulder on the stranger's mountain breast.  
O, thou wert brave! I knew thy valor long.  
A mind that could control the vulgar throng;  
Undaunted power was mark'd upon thy brow,  
Which shows superiority e'en now;  
I've known thy troubles, thy ambitions too,  
There's many honored who were worse than you ;  
But now, alas, thy stormy course is run,  
Untimely ended, worse than it begun.  
What ere thou wast, or might have been, must lay  
And turn to undistinguishable clay.

[*Enter McSweedon at a distance, talking to Simon, his ass.*]

*McS.*—Well, Simon, it was a miracle how you escaped the redskins, when they used you for a target up at that antiquated fort, where I made my absence so conspicuous by leaving the bullets. If it wasn't for the fact that I had the pack on you at the time, and the skillet was laying along your broadside, like the turret on a Monitor, they would have turned your conglomerated carcass into a sieve. They would have had a midsummer feast on your bowels. The squaws would have converted your long contemplative ears into sacks to sling their papooses in. But bad luck attend their dark-complexioned gizzards, they have ruined my skillet. They have perforated it with holes, so in the future I will have to cook my bacon on a stick.—[*Seeing Wacliff.*] Well, Wacliff, by the holy power of Jupiter, is that you? Have we met again, and history didn't repeat? Well, by the holy Galvanic telescope, Put it there! Old comrade, put it there!

*Wa.*—Glad to see you, McSweedon.

[*Enter Carl Manden.*]

*Carl*.—Hello, friend Waccliff, so we meet once more!  
Extend your hand. Your usual warmth is gone.

*Wa*.—O, Carl, I'm sick! I'm sick in mind and body,  
Here is a sight that 'll make you mourn with me.

*McS*.—What raised such wild disturbance here?

[*Seeing Norrian iaying dead.*]

Is that there Norrian? He looks as though  
The world for him had suddenly collapsed;  
Destruction sweep the earth, 'tis he! quite shrunk,  
And fallen out with nature too, he is.  
I knew him years ago, a generous soul  
He was—How died the worthy Trojan here?

*Wa*.—He lately on that bleeding steed did ride,  
Like Boreas, the northern clouds astride,  
And brav'd a hundred Indians in the field  
Whose warlike force he did compel to yield;  
And sent them howling to the north again,  
In desperate fury, with their sick and slain,  
He led us bravely till the field was won,  
And seemed the awful hand of fate to shun—  
And then he rein'd up here to find a shade,  
Just as the light from out his eyes did fade;  
His blood had trickled down his saddle-bow,  
Until it stain'd the weeping earth below.  
It hung in wiery crystals, ruby red,  
And mingled with the blood his charger shed.  
Then to the earth he totter'd from his horse;  
A melancholy blood bespatter'd corse.  
I clasp'd him in my arms, the fall to shun,  
With caution vain, for Norrian's work was done.

*McS*.—Sad and solemn, Waccliff, sad and solemn,  
He was truly a great man, this Norrian,  
Well, the great men of my day are all dying off;  
They are about all dead but myself.

*Carl*.—Where do I come in, and valiant Waccliff here?

*McS*.—As for us three unconquered meteors,  
Since history did not repeat with us,  
And we have been allowed to meet again  
Here, after marvelous vicissitudes,

I do believe if ever our exploits  
Were put upon the stage, we would be the  
Triumvirs, or, undaunted Waccliff, thou  
Would sway the whole majestic world alone.  
Were this a kingdom thine would be a throne.  
Thou being the only victor in the field,  
Perchance would soon the weighty sceptre wield.

*Wa.*—Well friends, here's grief to claim my thoughts to-day.  
I must inter my comrades neath the clay;  
This is the last sad right that I can pay,  
And then if heaven will grant to me the power  
To quit this deadly field within the hour,  
I'll gather up these useful traps and gear,  
And drive those sound steeds far away from here.

*McS.*—Ho, Carl ! what solemn meditation now ?

*Carl*—There's many, many things to make me think  
Yon bleeding rustler was my friend. We both  
Were mad, and one is yet in love with one.

[*To Waccliff.*]

Say, can you tell me where Ponchico springs  
Is situated ? I almost forgot  
In this confusion of a serious matter.

*Wa.*—Why yes, Ponchico springs are really here,  
Or were, for henceforth they may disappear ;  
Their buildings have been swept out in this fray,  
And their inhabitants had fell a prey  
To red Geronimo and tribe before  
We helped to draw the crimson curtain o'er  
This region, where sweet peace and plenty stood.  
The buildings nestled in that silven wood.  
Near where you see that lonely rider beat  
The trembling plains beneath his charger's feet.

*McS.*—He comes this way a riding with all speed,  
A very mercury on a whirlwind steed.

*Carl*—I've seen that figure on the plains before;  
If I mistake not 'twas a skirt it wore.

[*Enter Mrs. Parolenus in man's attire.*]

*Mrs. P.*—I was just riding up the close ravine,  
When I espied more Indians on the scene;

I knew it meant another deadly fray  
And quick made haste to ride the other way,  
Where from a clustering thicket's friendly shade  
I watched to-day's tremendous fusilade.

[*Recognizing Carl Manden.*]

Is this my own protector I find here?

Carl—'Tis I, Lauruna, loved one—gently dear.

[*He assists her from her horse.*]

So much has happened, I can scarce believe  
My eyes, which certainly do not deceive  
These rosy lips, and heaven-speaking eyes  
Cannot be blemish'd by a rough disguise.

Mrs. P.—I am the same who pledged her troth to you  
In spite of what in future might ensue.  
See where we've met upon a field of slain.

Carl—O, love, ne'er look on those dread scenes again,  
Turn from this spot—too sad for you to see  
And face the future happier with me.

[*Enter General Juarez, of the Mexican Army, with a company of soldiers, with their rifles aimed to fire.*]

Jua.—*Gringos*, throw up your hands!  
By *sangre de Christo* we have you now.

McS.—What do you ragg'd, infernal greasers want?

Ju.—We want the thieves who kill'd our *rancheros*.

McS.—I do assure you, you *sangre de* (what  
Is this you call it) *Mexicano*, that  
Every last mother's son of these horse thieves  
Have been kerflumixed by the Indians.

Ju.—*Kerflumixed?* No *sabe* I *Americano*.

McS.—You'll *sabe* if you want to understand.  
You won't get me to talk your lingo, Mex.

Ju.—Well, soldiers, we must be more careful in  
The future, that we may not harm those who  
Are innocent. You know we caught two bold  
Prospectors, whom we did suspect to be  
A part of Norrian's robber band; they were

A riding thro' our land, their traps packed on  
The backs of mules; one was an Irishman.  
Well, we supposed them to be thieves, and hanged  
Them to a tree. When we went thro' their packs  
And pockets, we could find naught but two jugs  
Of mescal whisky. We don't want to make  
Another such mistake as that. Say, you  
Americano, who are you? My name  
Is General Juarez, from Mexico.

*McS* — I'm very proud to meet you, General Juarez.  
I have been nam'd *McSweedon*, and this is  
My friend, *Wacliff*, a man who never robbed  
A mortal in his life, unless he had  
Good cause for doing so. This is my pard,  
Carl Manden, sir, and this female he hugs  
We rescued from the reds some time ago.  
Believe me, sir, she is a woman, and a  
A lady, only she has laid aside  
Her female garb until the country gets  
A little better civilized.

*Ju.* — And is  
This, sir, a fact that he's Carl Manden, and  
This that much-talked of beauty of Cochise?

*McS.* — That is the name he has been using for  
The past odd thirty years, your armyship.  
Whoever chooses to discredit my  
True statement of the facts has liberty  
To do so, sir.

*Ju.* — Carl Manden, we have heard  
Of you before; your acts astonish us;  
They seem incredible, believe me, sir—  
We heard of you as being the only man  
Whoever, in the history of the West,  
Rescued a woman from the Chiricahuas  
*Unmarr'd*. So I now take it on myself  
To speak my country's sentiments; to let  
You know the gratitude they owe to you,  
To be convinced that their esteem is real,  
Just come and see yourself. We now will be  
Your escort to the city of Mexico.

We give to you, your lovely lady and  
Your friends, a free transport, and guarantee  
You have the freedom of the city when  
You get there, sir. That grand old city where  
The Aztecs rested from their wanderings,  
And founded on the sun-kiss'd shore of that  
Perpetual balmy lake, among rich groves  
Of spreading palms and fruits, that city to  
Become the seat of greatest empire on  
This continent; that saw with warm applause,  
The Montezumas in their pomp and pride,  
That saw the sieges and the treachery  
Of that wild rover—Conquest-borne Cortes—  
And witness'd Maximilian dare to found  
A foreign dynasty within her halls,  
To finally tumble on his own fool head.  
That city of rich balm and sunshine will  
Bow at your feet, and decorate her halls  
And public buildings in your honor, sir;  
The whole of Mexico will greet you as  
A hero. Even that old hory mount  
Chapultepec, the ancient cradle of  
So many Aztec kings will dip its top  
To welcome you to Mexico. Soldiers!  
Three cheers for brave Carl Manden!

*Sol.*—Hurrah !!!

*Cral M*—Dear sir, your hand. My lips cannot find words  
To give you and your generous people thanks.  
This lady has been much abused, and will,  
With me, accept your kind proposal. She  
Is badly now in need of quietness.

(*Exunt.*)







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